

The Sketch

No. 1084.—Vol. LXXXIV.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



ENGAGED TO LORD REDESDALE'S FOURTH SON: FRÄULEIN MARIE ANNE VON FRIEDLÄNDER FULD, DAUGHTER OF "THE COAL KING OF GERMANY," WHO IS TO MARRY THE HON. JOHN FREEMAN-MITFORD.

The engagement was announced the other day of the Hon. John Power Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, fourth son of Lord and Lady Redesdale, and Fräulein Marie Anne von Friedländer Fuld, daughter of Herr Fritz von Friedländer Fuld, of Lanke, near Berlin. Mr. John Mitford was born in 1885. A portrait of him appears on our "Small Talk" page. The bride-elect is twenty-one. She is a very accomplished linguist and an excellent horsewoman. Her father has been called "the Coal King of Germany."—[*Photograph by Kosel.*]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Superfluous Word.

"This is perhaps the cardinal secret of style in all literatures—the elimination of the superfluous word. Of all the kinds of waste with which the world abounds, that of verbal energy is the most tragical. If every man who had written a book were compelled to cut out twenty per cent. of the words and to make the rest ten per cent. milder, the Authors' Club might be an assembly of Elizabethans."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

I was present, the other day, at a desultory conversation between three young married women of more than average intelligence. The variety of topics they touched upon in the course of half-an-hour or so was truly staggering to the heavy-brained male. They began with health, and were just getting nicely into the subject when, for no particular reason, away they went to gardens and gardening. I was learning something about roses when the subject of tame rabbits suddenly intruded itself, and that led them, by no mental road that I could follow, to motor-cars. This, in a few seconds, gave place to theatres, and they quickly summed up every show at present to be seen in town. Plays led, by way of dress, music, and restaurants, to books, and I was able, as the result of a fearful strain, to collect the following useful information—

"What are you reading now?"

"Oh, an awfully long book. I forget the name of it."

"I rather like long books. Don't you?"

"If they're very interesting, I like them. The beauty of a long book is that you haven't got to change it at once."

"Yes, I know. Still, some of them are awfully tedious."

"Frightfully. I often wonder why they take so long to say something that anybody could say just as well in half the space."

"I suppose people wouldn't buy it if they didn't."

"I suppose not. What a mercy we don't live in the days of the three-volume novel!"

"One volume's enough, as a rule."

"Especially when they're all alike. I'm so weary of the young woman who conceals the fact of her wealth because the young man is poor and too noble to marry her for her money."

"And the perfect creature who smiles calmly when her husband brings half-a-dozen men home to dinner without warning, and then proceeds to produce a perfect dinner out of a piece of cardboard. I've come across three heroines of that sort lately."

"She's a good old stock type. I like that shade, dear. Where did you get it?"

"Do you? Oh, I got that at——"

Read and Done With.

I heard no more of the conversation, being steeped in thought. I was wondering whether the publishers are right to insist that a book must be of a certain length in order that the libraries, and the patrons of the libraries, may be pleased. And it seemed to me that the practice is apt to lead both writer and reader into a vicious circle. The writer writes twice as much as his story demands in order to make a long book, and the reader, finding that the book is twice as long as it need have been for the development of the story, reads rapidly and carelessly. Surely, a book that is rapidly read and as rapidly returned to the library is not worth reading at all.

As children, I remember, we used to boast of the speed with which we had read a book "without skipping." As grown-up

Some of My Favourites.

Everybody should have—and I daresay he has—a few books to which he can return again and again, with unfailing pleasure. One such book that I often take from my shelves is "Silas Marner." I wonder how many times I have read this exquisite prose-poem! Open the book at random, and you at once come under the spell of the writer. George Eliot is not given sufficient credit for her humour. She makes her points so quietly, so neatly, and in such simple language that the hasty reader would certainly pass them by. For instance—

"Justice Malam was naturally regarded in Tarley and Raveloe as a man of capacious mind, seeing that he could draw much wider conclusions without evidence than could be expected of his neighbours who were not on the Commission of the Peace."

And where is a more delightful character in English fiction than Mrs. Glegg in "The Mill on the Floss"? Many people who read that remark will say, "Mrs. Glegg? Oh, she was the stingy aunt, wasn't she? A gorgeous character!" But they will not mean it. They have written off George Eliot as a back number. She is not sufficiently exciting. She did not handle the relations of the sexes in the thrillingly daring way of the modern novelists. "All very well in her time, no doubt, but where would she be to-day? We want big themes to-day, handled in a fine, broad way."

Poor modern babies!

Stevenson.

Robert Louis Stevenson was a writer sparing of words. Take that masterpiece, "The Ebb-Tide." It runs to just 237 pages in all, and the type is as large as that of an old-fashioned Bible. The ordinary subscriber to a library would have finished "The Ebb-Tide" long before she reached home, and would be thereby annoyed. Yet "The Ebb-Tide" will bear reading fifty or a hundred times. Attwater is immortal, and Huish is immortal. Perhaps I am giving some credit to Stevenson that should belong to Lloyd Osbourne, who collaborated in the book. Certainly, the books that Stevenson wrote with Lloyd Osbourne have a virility in them that one does not find in the books that Stevenson wrote alone. One can understand that. And yet I fancy that any lover of Stevenson could pick out the very pages in "The Ebb-Tide" written by Stevenson.

I often wonder whether the modern schoolboy reads such books as "The Ebb-Tide," and "The Light That Failed," and Owen Wister's "Virginian." He should be encouraged to do so, because there are real men in these books—men who fear nothing and do big things. It is of little use to tell a boy that he must be good. You will only depress him. Tell him to be a man, and show him the kind of man you would like him to be. Then the goodness will follow of itself. Kipling and Stevenson drew the real men.

MARRIED, NOT MORGANATICALLY: THE FORMER MISS ELKINS.



THE BRIDE OF A SURPRISE WEDDING: MRS. WILLIAM F. R. HITT—FORMERLY REPORTED ENGAGED
TO THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI.

What has been described as a surprise wedding has taken place between Miss Katherine Elkins and Mr. W. F. R. Hitt. The bridegroom was a rival of the Duke of the Abruzzi for the bride's hand. It will be remembered that it was reported that the Duke, who is a cousin of the King of Italy, and Miss Elkins were engaged.

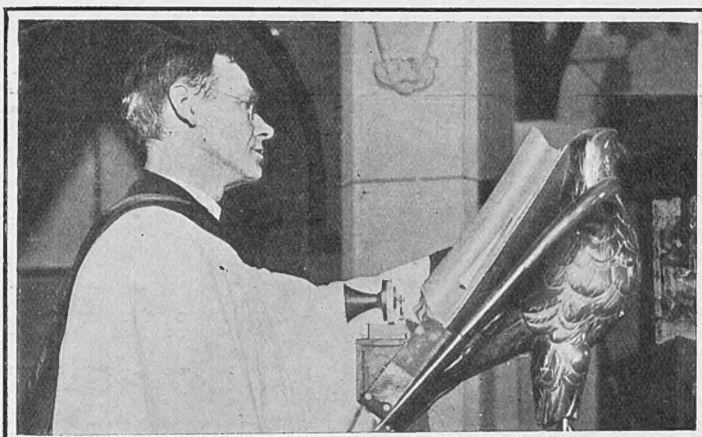
Then came, in turn, a denial; a statement that Miss Elkins was to become a nurse; the news that she had left for Europe for "an affection of the heart"; a report that the King of Italy had agreed to the match; and another that Miss Elkins would never consent to contract a morganatic marriage.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



LADY CHEYLESMORE—FOR CONVINCING THE NEW YORK CUSTOMS THAT THE PHEASANT IS A DOMESTIC FOWL.

Lady Cheylesmore recently arrived at New York in the "Lusitania," wearing in her hat the complete tail of a cock-pheasant. On being required to give it up under the new Tariff Law, which forbids the plumage of game birds being imported, she contended, it is said, that in England the pheasant is a domestic fowl, and the officials allowed her to retain the feathers.—An interesting



THE REV. H. S. SWITHINBANK, VICAR OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, SOUTHSEA—FOR DEVISING MEANS TO ELECTRIFY A SOMNOLENT CONGREGATION.

association between religion and science has been instituted by the Rev. H. S. Swithinbank, Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Southsea. He has had an electrophone fitted up in his church, with a transmitter attached to the lectern.—M. Jean Richepin, of the Académie Française, read a learned paper on the Tango the other day at a meeting of the Institute.—[Photos. by Lafayette, Illus. Bureau, and Nadar.]



M. JEAN RICHEPIN—FOR DISCOVERING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM THAT THE TANGO IS QUITE A CLASSICAL DANCE.



THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND—FOR HAVING 200,000 ACRES "UNDER DEER" TO SELL CHEAP.

Taking up Mr. Lloyd George's charge against Scottish landlords of converting cultivable land into deer-land and making it unproductive, the Duke of Sutherland has offered to sell 200,000 acres now "under deer" to the Government for £2 an acre—almost a "prairie price." He is said to be willing to sell 400,000 acres if the Government want it.—Pierre Loti's accusations against the Bulgarian troops of atrocities in the Balkan Wars have aroused the wrath of the Bulgarian Army. A Bulgarian officer, Lieutenant Torkoff, has, it is said, been deputed to vindicate the national honour, and has been given two months' leave to go to Paris and challenge the famous author to a duel.—Mme. Emmy Destinn, the



M. PIERRE LOTI—FOR HAVING STIRRED UP ANOTHER LITTLE BALKAN WAR A DEUX.



MME. EMMY DESTINN—FOR SHOWING THE GERMAN POLICE THAT LIONS ARE QUITE HARMLESS.



MR. JOHN CHEETHAM—FOR PLYING THE SCALES OF JUSTICE AS WELL AS THE MINERS' CHECK SCALES.



LORD HAREWOOD—FOR WINNING THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE WITH A 33 TO 1 OUTSIDER.

famous prima-donna, recently underwent a remarkable test of "nerve" at Berlin, by singing the aria from "Mignon" in a cage containing fourteen lions at Berlin, for a cinematograph film. One big lion lay on top of the piano, and at the end of the performance the singer caressed it. The animals were quite amenable.—Councillor John Cheetham, J.P., of Wigan, the first working man to be appointed a magistrate in this country, is just celebrating his magisterial majority. When he became a Justice of the Peace twenty-one years ago, he was, as he is still, a miners' check-weigher at the Pemberton Collieries.—Lord Harewood's Cantilever, winner of the Cambridgeshire, started at 33 to 1.

Photographs by Lafayette, C.N., and Topical.



MR. JULIUS SHAW AND MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE—FOR INTERPRETING AN "EDEN" (PHILLIPOTS) PLAY IN A VERY "ABLE" MANNER.

The production of Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor tragedy, "The Shadow," at the Court Theatre, by Miss Horniman's excellent Manchester company, brought out some remarkably fine acting. Mr. Julius Shaw, as Philip Blanchard, and Miss Sybil Thorndike, as Hester Dunnybrig, were particularly good.—Miss



CANTILEVER—FOR BEING THIS YEAR'S TWENTY-FIFTH WINNING OUTSIDER (IN THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE).



MISS MILLIE MARNIER—FOR BEING THE WORLD'S ONLY DIVING BELLE, AND NOT EMBARRASSED IN DEEP WATER.

Millie M. Marnier, of New Brighton, is said to be the only lady diver in the world—that is, who uses scientific diving-kit, for there are native women divers in some of the pearling-grounds. Though fully qualified, she only gives exhibition dives for charity.—[Photographs by C.N. and Illustrations Bureau.]

A PYJIE PAIR: THE NEWEST THING IN NIGHTIES.



WEARING THE PANTALETTE-PYJAMAS DESIGNED BY HERSELF: MISS WILLETTE KERSHAW, IN "EN DÉSHABILLE,"
AT THE PRINCESS THEATRE, NEW YORK.

This photograph comes to us from the United States, and shows a stage costume.

Photograph by White.

GAITY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
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THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

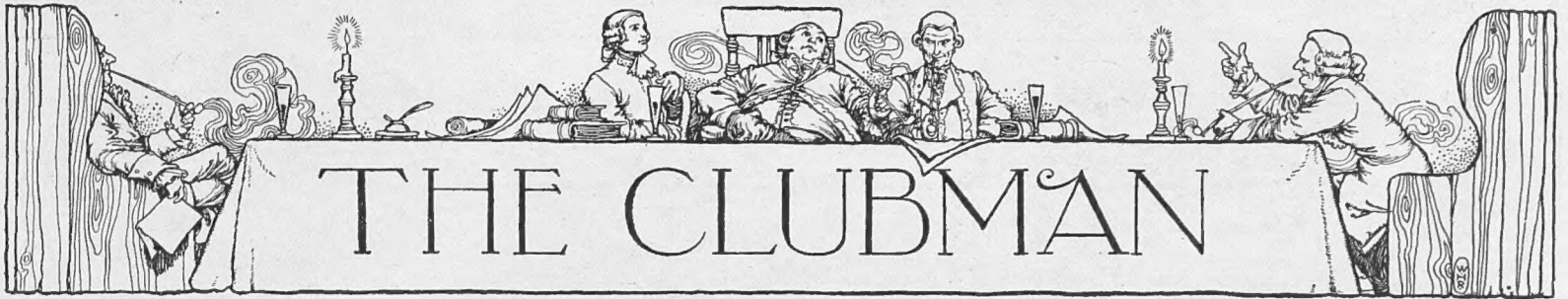
NEXT Friday, Nov. 7, the great Motor Show opens at Olympia,
and will remain open until the Saturday week, Nov. 15.
This is the twelfth of the series of annual international
exhibitions organised by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and
Traders, and it bids fair to eclipse its predecessors in importance
and popularity. So great has been the attendance in previous years
that those who went with the object of selecting a car found it a
somewhat difficult matter owing to the crowds of merely interested
spectators, even on the days when five shillings was charged for a
ticket of admission. To obviate such overcrowding this year, it
has been arranged to give comparatively few free tickets to privileged
persons. As on previous occasions, we are giving a special Motor
Show Supplement of *The Sketch* with this Issue, containing an
article by our motoring expert on some of the principal exhibits,
accompanied by numerous illustrations. As he points out, the
Show is not likely to contain anything revolutionary in the way
of new mechanical design, but there are many improvements in
detail, especially in the direction of simplification and accessibility,
and also in the matter of body-building.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE novelty of the week is the revival at the St. James's
Theatre of a rather terrible play called "The Witch," which
in 1911 gave us shudders at the Court Theatre. Mr. John
Masefield's name appears as author of the English version, and one
might recognise his style—in prose—by its sombre power, and the
skill by which, without using antiquated turns of speech, he gives
an old-world colour to the dark picture of Europe when subject
to the obsession of witchcraft, an obsession which caused many
thousands of judicial murders. The play is no melodrama, but a
tragedy showing how a beautiful young woman falls into the belief
that she is a witch, and seeks to use infernal powers with apparent
success, and so is led ultimately to a state of mania on the subject
in a very thrilling scene. The drama includes some love-scenes of
great intensity. Miss Lillah McCarthy acts superbly as the unlucky
heroine, and her scenes of hypnotic suggestion will not be forgotten
easily. Mr. Beveridge gives a charming picture of her amiable,
elderly husband, a Norwegian pastor who firmly believes in witch-
craft. Mr. Neilson-Terry played quite well as the lover; and there
is a very striking performance by Miss Janet Achurch as the girl's
mother-in-law, who drives her cruelly to death. The able work of
Mr. Arthur Whitby and Mr. Baliol Holloway in the one humorous
scene ought not to be overlooked—Mr. Whitby was amusing in a
nicely restrained way as a bibulous old pastor. By the use of quite
simple means, some stage pictures of remarkable beauty are given.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- | | |
|--|---|
| GREENING.
A Message From Mars. Lester Lurgan and
Richard Ganthony. 1s. | BLACK.
The Arabian Nights. Illustrated by Charle
Folkard. 6s. |
| NISBET.
The Empress Frederick: A Memoir. 15s. net.
Pillars of Society. A. G. Gardiner. 7s. 6d. net. | The Fairchild Family. Edited by Lady
Strachey. 6s. |
| LAWRENCE AND JELICOE.
The Adventures of Monsieur Dupont (Golf
Champion). Raymond Baert. 3s. 6d. net. | Tales from "The Earthly Paradise." Selected
by J. W. Glover. 6s. |
| WILLIAMS AND NORGATE.
General Sir Alex. Taylor, G.C.B., R.E.
A. Cameron Taylor. 25s. net. | Greek Wonder Tales. Edited by Lucy M. G.
Garnett. 6s. |
| PEARSON.
The Scout as Handy Man. 1s. net.
The Crimson Aeroplane. Christopher Beck.
2s. 6d. | Now and Then. Ascott R. Hope. 3s. 6d.
In the Grip of the Wild Wa. G. E. Mitton.
3s. 6d. |
| OUSELEY.
The Lays of the Pharisee. Zoffany Oldfield.
2s. 6d. | The Mystery of Markhouse. Warren Bell.
3s. 6d. net. |
| THE BODLEY HEAD.
Fascination. Cecily Champain Lewis. 6s.
Two Little Parisians. Pierre Mille. 6s. | The Feats of Fozzle. Gunby Hadath. 3s. 6d.
The Scouts of Seal Island. Percy F. Westernman.
3s. 6d. |
| CHAPMAN AND HALL.
The Inseparables. James Baker. 6s.
Flower of the Golden Heart. Violet A. Simpson.
6s. | SEELEY, SERVICE.
Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony. C. R.
Gibson, F.R.S.E. 2s. net. |
| MILLS AND BOON.
The Marriage Market. Harold Simpson. 1s. net.
Rambles in the North Yorkshire Dales. J. E.
Buckrose. 3s. 6d. net. | The Press and Its Story. J. D. Symon, M.A.
5s. net. |
| ELKIN MATHEWS.
Foliage. W. H. Davies. 1s. 6d. | Things Seen in Oxford. Norman J. Davidson,
B.A. 2s. net. |
| | LONG.
Little Josephine. L. T. Meade. 7d. net.
The Other Sara. Curtis Yorke. 7d. net.
Young Eve and Old Adam. Tom Gallon. 6s.
The Paramount Shop. H. Maxwell. 6s. |
| | Rose Bertin, the Creator of Fashion at the
Court of Marie Antoinette. Emile Lang-
lade. 10s. 6d. net. |
| | Bohemian Days in Fleet Street. By a Journalist.
10s. 6d. net. |
| | By Right of Purchase. Harold Bindloss. 7d. net.
The Duplicate Death. A. G. Fox-Davies. 1s.
net. |
| | A Cabinet Secret. Guy Boothby. 7d. net. |
| | The Eye of Istar. William Le Queux. 7d. net. |
| | The Desirable Alien. Violet Hunt and Ford
Madox Hueffer. 6s. |
| | Green Girl. Mrs. Henry Tippet. 6s. |
| | Sowing Clover. George Wonil. 6s. |
| | HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM.
The Boomerang. E. Katherine Bates. 6s. |



P. AND O. AND O. P.—A CONTRAST: WORKMEN ROYALLY ENTERTAINED: REGIMENTAL DRUMS.

The P. and O. Officers.

Naturally, I express no opinion on the differences which existed between the P. and O. officers and the company, but I am glad to see that a way has been found out of the impasse, for in many voyages to the Far East I have become a friend of many officers of the great line, and I know that their work is trying and continuous, and that they get very little amusement and very little leave. I have before now sat with one of the officers and watched the cargo coming out of the hold, and have seen him putting down industriously in a book the marks on each case, when I was quite sure he was longing to be enjoying himself on shore; and I have been on the bridge of a P. and O. liner in a gale and have seen the officers on watch weather out the storm, taking no food except a cup of cocoa and some biscuits, and not thinking of sleep until the ship was in smooth seas again.

Life on board ship has not in the last thirty years become any pleasanter to the P. and O. officers, for, whereas in old times they mixed freely with the passengers, it was thought that discipline became slack, and that the bright eyes of the young ladies going out to the East and of the grass widows coming home often interested the young officers more than did their observations of the sun and the stars; and nowadays, with the exception of the captain, the officers see very little of the passengers. For all these reasons, I rejoice that the good fellows who wear the Rising Sun on their caps and who serve under the P. and O. flag found that the Company did not turn a deaf ear to their requests.

The O. P. Officers.

The officers of the O. P. Club are in a different case from that of the officers of the P. and O., for as the former, on behalf of their club, invited the Gaiety company to a banquet on the last Sunday in last month, they certainly cannot be said to have been

of my belief, which can hold the same numbers in any restaurant in London, and that is the great hall at the Holborn Restaurant, in which the King's dinner to six hundred of the workmen engaged on the repairs to Buckingham Palace will have taken place by the time these lines are in print.

It is the size of the dining-room available, not the hospitality of dinner-givers, that generally limits the numbers at these great feasts, and the King, like ordinary mortals, is restricted by the space at his disposal.

The Drums of the Essex Regiment.

The county of Essex has given the Essex Regiment some silver drums—an excellent gift which other counties might note and repeat. As a rule, only cavalry regiments boast silver drums, for the kettledrum is more in evidence than the side-drums of the infantry. The Essex Regiment—the 1st Battalion of which, the old 44th, used to be known in Peninsular days as the "Little Fighting Fours," and the 2nd Battalion of which, the 56th ("The Pompadours"), won the badge of the Castle and Key by its prowess and endurance during the great defence of Gibraltar—is a regiment of many honours. Another of the badges of the regiment, the Sphinx, was won by the 44th when it was in Egypt with Abercrombie and took part in the capture of Cairo. There is a pretty tale of this campaign—that a little drummer-boy so small that he could not march through the deep sand was carried to Cairo on the back of his father, who was the drum-major of the 44th. Another badge—one worn on the lapel of the officers' mess-jackets—is the French eagle captured by the regiment at Salamanca. The eagle itself is one of the trophies of British victories preserved at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Salamanca was an unfortunate day for the French, for they lost several eagles

SHOOTING ON HIS ESTATE, TICHBORNE PARK, ALRESFORD, HAMPSHIRE: SIR JOSEPH DOUGHTY - TICHBORNE AFTER PARTRIDGES.

Sir Joseph, who is the thirteenth Baronet, was born in January 1890, succeeded in 1910, and is co-heir to the Baronies of FitzPayne and Kerdeston. He is in the 4th Hussars.

Photograph by Sport and General.



AN AEROPLANE'S PROPELLER FITTED TO A CANOE: A FREAKISH CRAFT.

The correspondent who sends this photograph writes: "America's latest freak boat is a canoe driven by a seven-horse-power motor-cycle engine actuating an aeroplane tractor. The canoe, which only draws three to four inches of water, is rendered stable by outrigger floats, and has proved seaworthy in trips of fifty miles or more. The boat has been designed and perfected by Joseph and Fred Lister, Bros., of Mamoroneck, and recently made its appearance on Long Island Sound. Its speed is easily fifteen miles an hour."—[Photograph by C.N.]

cut off from enjoyment of the society of beauty. The O. P. Club, which flourishes exceedingly, and the moving spirit of which is Mr. Carl Hentschel, though it is a club of lovers of the theatre, does not take its title from the stage term "O. P." (signifying Opposite Prompt—the left-hand side of the stage as the audience looks at it), but stands for Old Playgoers, the club being a friendly rival of that other gathering of lovers of the theatre, the Playgoers. The O. P. Club has now its rooms in the Adelphi Hotel, after having tried various other places of residence, for I remember it in Covent Garden, and also in rooms at the Criterion. The banquet to the Gaiety brought together near 600 feasters, hosts and guests. All, or nearly all, of the leading members of Mr. George Edwardes' three theatres were at the high table, the ladies looking very beautiful. Hundreds of other pretty ladies of the theatre were at other tables, and the speech-making was just what speeches should be on such an occasion—quite irresponsible and quite amusing.

The King's Dinner to the Workmen.

As I have said, there were close on six hundred feasters at the O. P. banquet to the Gaiety, and there was not room for a single soul more in the big hall of the Cecil. There is only one other room, to the best



THE GREYHOUNDS' OWN MOTOR: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LEGH'S SPECIALLY BUILT CAR FOR HIS DOGS.

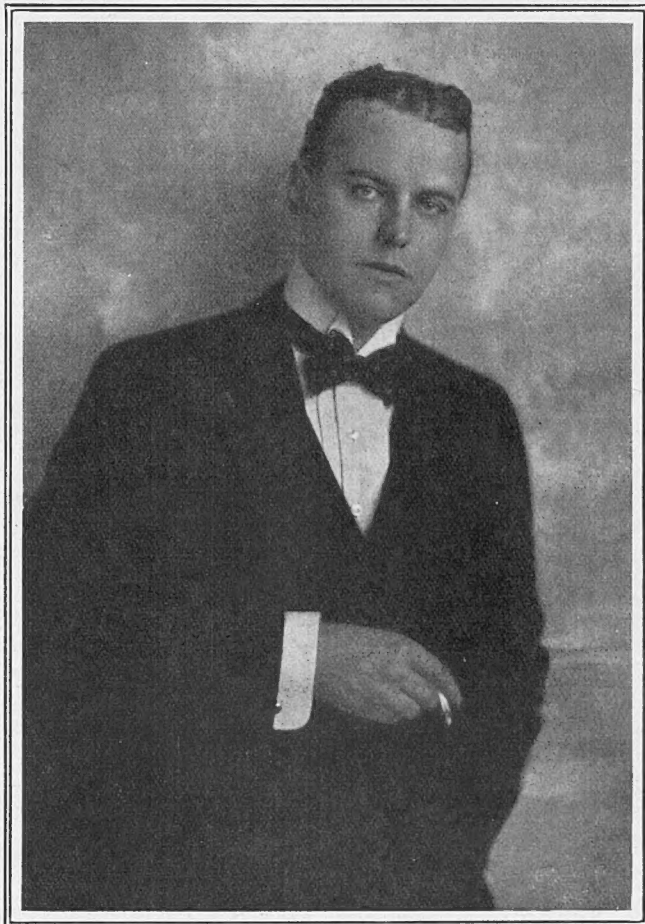
Photograph by Sport and General.

in that battle, and two of these have found their resting-place at Chelsea. The Essex Regiment has the privilege of dressing its colours and drums with garlands on gala days.



ONE keen observer of the little passage of arms—if not of acres—between the Government and the Duke of Sutherland is Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He is a neighbour of the Duke's, and something more. When he wished to enlarge the domain round and about Skibo Castle, he bought land from the late Duke; and Mr. Lloyd George, moreover, is probably one of the few people who know exactly what the great man of affairs paid for the ducal acres. And not only has Mr. Carnegie had experience of the Leveson-Gowers as sellers, he has had experience of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a land-surveyor. It was he who, in a friendly way, drove Mr. Lloyd George, his guest at Skibo, over certain portions of the now famous forest.

Years of Indiscretion. The Poet Laureate, whom Oxford friends fêted the other day on his sixty-ninth birthday, refuses to be old, or a poet. He wrote nothing about the royal wedding; and to literary undergraduates, a little overpowered at the thought of meeting the Sage of Parnassus, he gives a delightfully boisterous but quite un-Tennysonian welcome. His talk, punctuated with chaff and gusty laughter, is of all those things that might be thought to suit the mind of youth; and youth must listen and try to feel youthful, though, in its heart, it wants to discuss metres. While Mr. Bridges was keeping his birthday, Mme. Sarah Bern-



ENGAGED TO FRÄULEIN MARIE ANNE VON FRIEDLÄNDER FULD: THE HON. JOHN MITFORD.

Mr. Mitford, as we note under the portrait of Fräulein von Friedländer Fuld which appears on our front page, is the fourth son of Lord and Lady Redesdale. His father, of course, is the well-known diplomatist who is Trustee of the Wallace Collection, of the National Gallery, and of Shakespeare's birthplace, and sat for the Stratford-on-Avon Division for three years. Lady Redesdale was Lady Clementine Ogilvy, daughter of the ninth Earl of Airlie.

Photograph by Dührkoop.

hardt, on the same day, celebrated hers. That in itself was enough to make the Laureate feel quite young at sixty-nine; he can claim only one year more than the immortal Sarah!

Le Livre d'Or.

A list of forty names, printed in gold upon Japanese vellum, enrolls "the distinguished patrons" of a famous dress-maker. The Duchesses are there in force, from the Duchess of Connaught to their Graces of Marlborough, Portland, and Sutherland. The list is a line of fashion—until near the end; Lady Anglesey and Lady Douro, Lady

are hardly less thorough. The flights of these gentlemen were, in the first place, more or less obligatory.

Mr. McKenna, when he was First Lord, made his duty ascent; and Mr. Balfour, as Leader of the Opposition, did the regulation ten minutes with Mr. Grahame White. It does not follow that, with change of state, these gentlemen show any further anxiety to fly. But the present First Lord is something more than a dutiful soarer. Like the Duchess of Beaufort and some few other amateurs, he is, if not a born pilot, a born "passenger."



ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT POLLOCK: MISS ETHEL MARY PUREFOY POWELL.

Miss Powell is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Croft Powell, of 13, Chester Street. Mr. Pollock is the son of the late Baron Pollock and of Lady Pollock, of Derryland, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Photograph by Gabell.

Portarlington and Mrs. Waldorf Astor, Mrs. Winston Churchill and Lady Chesterfield all figure, as a matter of course, in golden type. But so, too, at the end, do Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Mr. John Sargent!

Joans. Covent Garden's new Joan of Arc had several sister Joans in the audience on Saturday's first-night. In the first place, two singers were cast for the various performances of the opera, so that while one was on the stage, the other was in the stalls; secondly, Joan of Arc has been much impersonated by amateurs and by the Amazons of Suffrage. Miss Annan Bryce's ride through London at the head of a procession of women is memorable. No operatic singer, with her technique at her finger-tips and the footlights in her eyes, can fill the part of La Pucelle so naturally as a young woman on the road and in the open air. But the most beautiful of all modern Joans is the Countess of Lytton, who once donned the armour and plumes of the Maid at a Shakespeare Ball.

The First Sky Lord. The Admiralty's assumption of paramount responsibility for the welfare of British aviation has long been a scheme of Mr. Winston Churchill's. He has done more actual flying than any other Minister; he knows well "the jelly sort of feeling" of quitting firm ground. But the aerial experiences of the Secretary of State for War



MARRIED LAST WEEK AT GENEVA: THE DUKE OF CROY AND THE DUCHESS (FORMERLY MISS NANCY LEISHMANN).

The Duchess is the daughter of a former United States Ambassador to Berlin, and elsewhere, who is a steel magnate of Pittsburg. The Duke of Croy is a descendant of John I. of Croy (1346-1415). He is a Lieutenant in the Prussian Garde du Corps.

Photograph by Otto.



MARRIED LAST WEEK: LADY WALERAN (FORMERLY MRS. WILFRED GRANT).

Lady Waleran is the widow of Mr. Wilfred Grant, and the daughter of the late Mr. Morrison. Lord Waleran, who received his peerage in 1905, was formerly Sir William Hood Walrond, Bt., Chief Conservative Whip from 1895-1902, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

SHE PUTS ON HER HAT TO—



—CARRY HER CHILD! AN INFANT IN A FUR-LINED BASKET, WHICH IS BORNE ON THE HEAD AND USED AS A HAT WHEN NOT WANTED AS A CHILD - HOLDER.

The correspondent who supplies this photograph writes: "A curious way this to carry a baby, but a very common sight among the natives of South America. The basket in which the baby is borne, and which the mother seen in the above picture has lined with a soft fur rug—a quite civilised note—is called a 'Shihungju.' When empty it is turned upside down and used as a hat. The women are very clever at

balancing these baskets with the babies inside upon their heads, since from early childhood they carry huge jars of water upon their heads in just such a way. It is only the older babies, however, who are carried in these baskets. The child of a few months must be taken about in a softened skin called a 'ntehe,' the preparation of which is subject to many prescribed customs."—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



"HOUSE FULL" AT 9 A.M. : MUSICAL MORMONISM AT THE ADELPHI.

The Real Girl from Utah.

"The Girl from Utah" is prodigiously successful: how do I know that? Not from reading paragraphs in the papers, for experience tells me that when it is stated that a piece is "doing record business," it is five to one that within a week there will be an announcement of "last nights." Moreover, I do not read theatrical "pats" unless marooned at a wayside station. I know those pats; I had to write them myself many years ago, and when I had nothing left with which to pad out my weekly column, used to invent an *on dit* which, with some changes of language, and embellishments, additions, and corrections, appeared day after day in the other theatrical columns. No; I know that "The Girl from Utah" is doing great business, for this very morning, when I passed the Adelphi Theatre at nine a.m. on my way to work, the boards announcing "House Full" were already hung out. No wonder, for the piece is the product of great expenditure and the labour of many people of experience: Mr. George Edwardes, who knows more about that sort of thing than anyone on earth; Mr. Malone, who probably comes next; a couple of musicians with a lot of such pieces to their credit; and no fewer than four authors who have lived in an atmosphere of musical comedy for years past. By-the-bye, there is a charming modesty on the part of Mr. Tanner in the announcement "Dialogue written in collaboration with Paul A. Rubens." I dare say we shall soon have notification of further collaborateurs—Messrs. Edmund Payne and Joseph Coyne. Each further collaboration will be useful, for on the first night there was a rather woeful want of wit in the speeches of the characters. Yet, after all, it was a person of little experience in London who made the "hit" of the affair. I refer to Miss Ina Claire, to whom was given the name-part. Almost before you could say "Ina Claire"—which is prettier than "Jack Robinson"—she had won the audience. Really a case of "Jack" came, was seen, and conquered." She has a natural gift for dancing, of rare quality as well as sound technique; a small voice, but clear and true; and, above all, charm, which stands in a relation to other attractions like that of charity to other Christian virtues.

The Mormons. But why "The Girl from Utah"? Well, it is a good title, and there is a lot in that. I have known cases where a wise man has taken more time over choosing or inventing his title than in writing his play, and the list of the works that have failed or succeeded on account of their name would fill my column, and more. I daresay that at one time in the history of the piece, Salt Lake City and Mormonism had a good deal to do with it; but prodigious changes occur in many a work between conception and production—there's many a slip 'twixt plot and play. I knew a man who had a great idea for the plot of a French Revolution tragedy; when he had finished the scenario he thought it would do better

for a Nihilistic drama. A manager to whom he showed it said that the public was "fed up" with Russian plays, and ultimately it was produced—successfully, too—as a farce of English life. Anyhow, we did not have much about the Mormons; indeed, the only one who appeared was of so little importance that, although we saw him, his name is not mentioned in the cast: a pity, for he was made up very well so as to look just like the popular idea of a Mormon Elder, and just as much unlike the real thing. Still, we do not go to musical comedy for realism, except in furniture and scenery. After all, she was a Girl from Utah, for she had run away from that State, in some parts of which Mr. Lloyd George's new scheme has been anticipated by nationalisation of the land. She had been sealed to an Elder whom she had never seen, and had flown to this country, where I do not think that even the Tariff Reformers would put a prohibition on the entry of such a desirable immigrant. And she fell in love with Mr. Joseph Coyne—I am told that all the girls do that; but not being a girl myself, and speaking as a mere man—however, I will say nothing in disparagement of one of the greatest favourites in musical comedy.

Our Stars.

The Mormon was on the track, and succeeded in kidnapping her, and then a doughty band of rescuers came into play. There was the inimitable Mr. Edmund Payne—I wrote "Sir Edmund" by mistake, and, really, if a knight-hood were conferred on him, thousands would be delighted and protest that his title was as good as that of at least one of our theatrical knights; and there was Mr. Payne's sweetheart, irresistible Miss Gracie Leigh, this time delightful as an Irish girl—with a brogue bearing a London hall-mark. Also, of course, we had the titular leading lady, Miss Phyllis Dare, who sang charmingly and danced with energy, and her sweetheart, Mr. Alfred de Manby, who has a pleasing voice and a great resemblance to one of the Chancery Silks.

You can imagine the frolics of the band when tracking the girl through the wilds of Brixton, and rescuing her from the Mormon's house, and finally in the revels at the Arts Ball—a scene whose splendour caused roars of applause. Personally, I should be glad if the back-cloth were more restful. As to the costumes at the Ball, I must leave others to write: my pen would faint in an effort to describe their magnificence; nor can I give any idea of the music by Messrs. Sydney Jones and Paul Rubens—sometimes light and catchy, sometimes strong and luscious, and always just the kind of thing the public wants, and offering excellent opportunities to everybody for singing and dancing. Indeed, I do not know why some people boomed on the first night. If

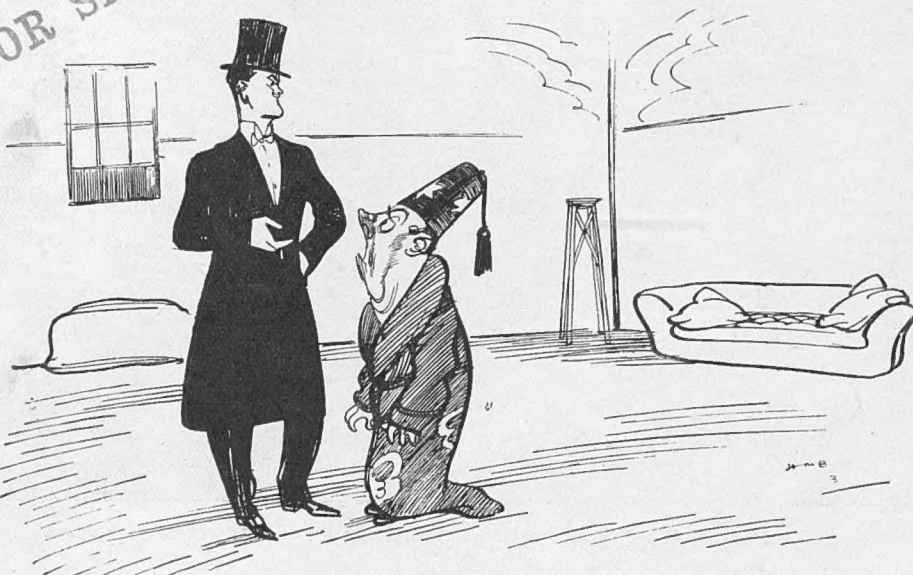
they were serious playgoers who do not like this sort of thing, why did they go to it?—for they knew what to expect, since musical comedy shuns surprises or experiments. And as for people, the majority, who love musical comedy, well, "The Girl from Utah" is just the thing to delight them.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



A SIMPLE IRISH LASS: MISS GRACIE LEIGH AS CLANCY.

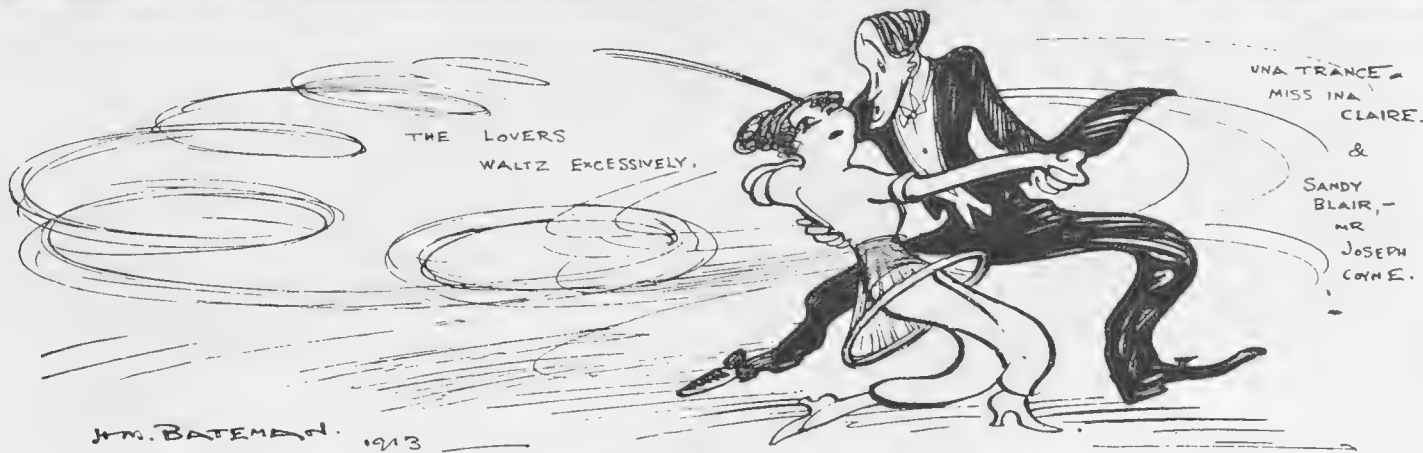
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



A DISTINCT FEELING THAT SOMETHING IS NOT QUITE ALL RIGHT IN THE MORMON'S ABODE: MR. EDMUND PAYNE (AS TRIMMIT) CONFRONTED BY MR. F. W. RUSSELL (AS DETECTIVE SHOOTER).

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "THE GIRL FROM UTAH."



MUSICAL MORMONISM: ADELPHI CARICATURES BY BATEMAN.

"The Girl from Utah," which is running most successfully at the Adelphi, is by Mr. James T. Tanner ; and the dialogue was written in collaboration with Mr. Paul A. Rubens. The lyrics are by Messrs. Adrian Ross, Percy Greenbank, and Paul A. Rubens. The music is by Messrs. Paul A. Rubens and Sydney Jones.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

THIRTY-NINE years ago, on May 29, he was born on the top of Campden Hill. He was the great adventurer of the district from the beginning, and just as his childhood is inseparably connected with "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," so all his written romances are part of his own great romance—the romance of living. He has precipitated himself into all his stories, in all sorts of disguises. Elongated and thinned, he is the Innocent Smith of "Manalive"; shortened and spectacled, he is the Father Brown of the detective stories; a Scot in "The Ball and the Cross," he is the Wild Knight of the book of verses; and, if it is not irreverent to say so, he is in part the almighty hero of "The Man Who Was Thursday." So inevitably has he identified himself with his work that if he tumbled out of his box on to the stage during the performance of his play, no thing in the world would seem more natural.

The Boards and the Books. "G. K. C." gets his "Keith"

from a burgher family of Aberdeen; a strain of Swiss blood, or milk, is in his composition; and Cambridge-shire (though far from the Cambridge of colleges) helped to make him. A great-great-grandfather, first a coal-owner and then an estate agent, founded the firm that now signs itself all over Kensington. "G. K. C." has done hardly less well in the matter of publishing the family name. When I turned him up in the British Museum the other day, I found eight pages of the great folio catalogue devoted to his works; to-morrow there will be nine; the day after there will be— heaven and "G. K. C." only know how many.

The Marian.

When he was twelve he went to St. Paul's School, won the Milton Prize at an unconscionably early age with a poem on St. Francis Xavier, instituted the Junior Debating Club, became its chairman, contributed largely to its journal, and overthrew a Swinburne vogue with a set of verses to the Virgin Mary. That was the first of a thousand counter-blasts. From St. Paul's he went to the Slade School to learn to draw, but learned, instead, to write; he learned, too, to his own extreme astonishment, that he was not, and could never be, even for a term in an art-school, an atheist.

The True Patriot. I first met "G. K. C." at a little meeting of the Patriots' Club. There had been a special whip sent round to summon members to a debate; but when, after finding Paddington Green and a dark doorway, and having mounted many stairs, the company was counted, it numbered only seven. Chesterton, the Founder and President, did the bulk of the debating. His Patriots' Club was to combat the sort of patriotism that existed merely to crush somebody else's. The Boer War, then waging,

seemed ignoble to him, an Englishman, because it was a war of big against little. "G. K. C." finds fighting admirable only when it is against odds; that is why he was fond of his little Club, standing alone in the howling wilderness of a war-fevered city.

Cab Habits.

It was in those lean days that "G. K. C." published, with the support of his father, "The Wild Knight," a small volume of splendid verse. At the same time, he got going as a journalist. It took at least three years for him to assert himself as a great journalist—the greatest of regular contributors to the Press. While the critics were still mousing objections to his paradox, he had convinced the public that he was saying the only things really worth saying, or reading, in the morning papers. It is wholesome, he thinks, that he is so often accused of the thing that he despises most of all things—light sophistry. He was accused, too, by the messenger-boys of Fleet Street of laziness. But it was his cab, not he, that was idle. His cabs, in the days of cabs, were famous. From the office of the *Daily News* his hansom-cabby would drive him six doors towards the Strand, and then drop him at a hostelry, waiting the while. Three-quarters of an hour later, "G. K. C.," having discussed beer and the symbolism of the swing-door with a companion, would emerge, and clamber once more into the groaning vehicle—to be carried to the office of the *Illustrated London News*, another six doors further on.

The Cap of Bells and Belloc.

The flapping wide-awake, the young oak in his hand, his most agreeable chuckle, and his persistent wisdom, make him a notable figure in the Strand and elsewhere. None of these accessories ever deserts him; or when, reluctantly, he has had to leave his hat and stick in the keeping of half-a-dozen footmen in the hall of Stafford House, he has done so with loud expressions of fear lest a Duke's honesty should be too sorely tried by such covetable headgear. Along with his laugh must be mentioned Mr. Belloc. Never

lunch with those two together if you would hear anything but reverberating delight from "G. K. C.," and anecdotes from Hilaire.

Her Infinite Variety.

To return to the play, and its one woman. Like Shakespeare, Mr. Chesterton has discovered the multitudinous charm of the singular person. "Variability is one of the virtues of a woman. It obviates the crude requirements of polygamy. If you have one good wife, you are sure to have a spiritual harem." Or, in other words—

'Tis but in such captivity
The heavens themselves know what they be.



A DISTINGUISHED RECRUIT TO THE RANKS OF THE DRAMATISTS:
MR. G. K. CHESTERTON, AUTHOR OF "MAGIC."

That witty and popular writer—popular in more senses than one—Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, has not hitherto appealed to the public with dramatic work, though he has won distinction in most other forms of literature, including fiction, essays, poetry, biography, and criticism. Among his more recent books are "The Innocence of Father Brown," "Manalive," and "What's Wrong With the World." "G. K. C." is also a prolific contributor of articles to the Press, the most important being his weekly page in the "Illustrated London News," under the heading, "Our Note-Book." Now he is to make his debut as a playwright with a fantastic comedy, "Magic," to be produced at the Little Theatre on Nov. 7. Of its only woman character he has said: "Patricia Carleen I do not understand in the very least."—[Photograph by J. Craig Annan.]

FROM HALLS AND A THEATRE: SKETCHES AND PLAYLETS.



1. "HALF-AN-HOUR," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS LADY LILIAN GARSON, AND MR. EDMUND GWENN AS MR. GARSON.

3. "THE GREEN COCKATOO," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MISS SARAH BROOKE AS SÉVERINE, WIFE OF THE MARQUIS DE LANSAC.

2. "HER WEDDING NIGHT," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM: MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS THE COUNTESS OF FOTHERINGHAM, AND MR. ROLAND PERTWEE AS THE EARL.

4. "BETWEEN SUNSET AND DAWN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS JIM HARRIS AND MISS MAY BLAYNEY AS LIZ HIGGINS.

"Her Wedding Night" is by Alicia Ramsey. "Half-an-Hour" is by Sir James M. Barrie. "Between Sunset and Dawn" is by Herman Ould. "The Green Cockatoo," which is described as a grotesque, is by Arthur Schnitzler, translated by Penelope Wheeler.

Photographs by Campbell-Gray and C.N.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THERE seems little reason to doubt that the King will now authorise an official biography of Edward VII. Sooner or later, the time arrives when a natural disinclination for the appearance of a "Life" of a relative abates; and everything points to the fact that the time has already arrived with his Majesty. Edward VII., in the matter of biographers, has up till the present fallen between two stools. On the one hand, there is severe Sir Sidney Lee; on the other is the gentleman who, because of his somewhat fervent eulogies, is said to have given a Legge up to the late King. What is needed is the biographer who is able to see Edward VII. fairly and squarely, whether as the monarch upon the throne he filled so admirably or as the first gentleman in Europe.

The Stafford House Books. No Duchess visited Sotheby's last week to see the Stafford House books sold. Indeed, the drab gathering of dealers was unrelieved by a single visitor whose looks could match the lovely bindings. A splendid Dante, dated 1481, fell to a friend; but no Beatrice, nor Millicent, watched the fall of the hammer. The books, perhaps, were not, for the most part, of a nature to demand a lively company. The large tomes of architectural designs and engravings after the Old Masters

he did not hasten to possess himself of shoes fit for an evening party. There are poets who like to bask in the limelight of admiration: there are others, to whom sincere praise may be no less sweet, who yet shrink from receiving it in public.

The Holy Terror. If strange figures are seen hovering and plotting on the roof of Buckingham Palace, let it not be supposed by the honest sentinel that he must shoot. If he does so, and shoots straight, he will probably have on his conscience the blood of an eminent scientist, for of late the installation of a private wireless station on that point of vantage has been seriously considered. Buckingham Palace already has its private telegraph office in train, it has the most perfect telephone system possible, and only the Palace's own postmaster knows how vast is the give and take of its letter-boxes. But whereas the signal of the wireless is still exciting, the telephone-bell, which used to be a thing to run to, now puts its hearers to flight. It is a thing of the past — and so, too, is the anecdote sometimes told of one of the Princesses in the Palace. Her mother was telephoning. "Who are you speaking to?" asked the little girl. "Your father, dear." "Oh, how dreadful! How ever can we get him out of that tiny hole?" cried the child.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD H. MARRIOTT: MISS VIOLET DE LA CLOVHE GORDON SNELL.

Miss Snell is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Snell, of the Indian Army, late of the Bombay Political Department, and of Mrs. Snell, of York Terrace, Regent's Park. Mr. Marriott is the youngest son of the late Sir Charles Hayes Marriott, M.D., F.R.C.S., and of Lady Marriott, of Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire. — Miss Ashmead-Bartlett is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., and of Lady Ashmead-Bartlett, of Alexander Square. Mr. Gotto is the youngest son of the late Mr. H. J. Gotto, of Newhouse Park, St. Albans, and of Mrs. Gotto, of Cheyne Walk. — [Photographs by Swaine and Langfieri].



ENGAGED TO MR. BASIL GOTTO: MISS S. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.



TO MARRY TO-MORROW (NOV. 6): CAPTAIN DESMOND NEEDHAM AND MISS EILEEN BUCKLAND.

Captain Needham, of the Royal Fusiliers, is the eldest son of Captain R. B. Needham, R.N., and of Mrs. Needham, of 40, Brunswick Square, Hove. Miss Buckland is the youngest daughter of Colonel P. A. Buckland, of the Indian Army, and of Mrs. Buckland,



ENGAGED: MISS C. G. LEMAN AND MR. E. D. DUCKWORTH, SON OF SIR DYCE DUCKWORTH.

of Grove Court, Drayton Gardens. — Miss Leman is the youngest daughter of Mr. R. E. Leman, of Westbourne Terrace. Mr. Duckworth, Indian Civil Service, is the eldest son of Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bt., M.D., of 28, Grosvenor Place.

Photographs by Swaine and Langfieri.

belonged to another generation. Nor were the prices always in accord with the figures Mr. Prothero sends buzzing down from the region of Dunrobin. A large portfolio of charts, covering much more than 200,000 acres, fetched a few shillings.

"At Your Feet." Millicent Duchess of Sutherland exercised a rigorous censorship over the library that was carried from Stafford House to the sale-room in Wellington Street. Her personal belongings in the way of poetry and fiction were not allowed to appear at Sotheby's, but here and there a volume after her own heart crept in. Mr. Chesterton's "Orthodoxy," for instance, broke the impersonal rule; and side by side with it, appropriately enough, was Mr. Belloc's "Esto Perpetua." One bundle was quite reminiscent of those Stafford House "Fridays" at which the Duchess entertained her poets. A volume by Francis Thompson recalled her admiration; but Francis Thompson, as it happened, she never persuaded to join her "salon." "I am at your feet," she wrote to him; but, despite the pleasure the tribute gave him

Holydays.

Few who read in the *Times* that "The Rev. Sir David Hunter-Blair is among the latest arrivals at Harrogate" will identify the subject of that item of "fashionable intelligence" with a member of the Benedictine congregation. Well aware that "the habit does not make the monk," Dom Hunter-Blair has left his black robes behind him at Fort Augustus Abbey, and in a Harrogate hotel is hardly to be distinguished in his aspect from any Anglican clergyman of them all. It is nearly forty years since Dom Hunter-Blair, after leaving Eton and Oxford, joined the Roman Church, and nearly twenty since he succeeded his father in the baronetcy. The Fort Augustus monastery was built largely by the late Marquess of Bute, a great believer in the strict rules of St. Benedict, and among its most recent visitors has been Cardinal Bourne, who motored all the way there in a little "two-seater," having for chauffeur his secretary, a Monsignor who can drive a car and drive a pen with equal ability. Dom Hunter-Blair became Prior of the Abbey of Fort Augustus in 1912.



ENGAGED: MISS MILDRED ELLEN GRACE HILLYARD AND MR. CECIL A. BRADFORD.

Miss Hillyard is the second daughter of the Rev. Arthur and Mrs. Hillyard, of Upton Pyne Parsonage, Exeter. Mr. Bradford, of Alexandra Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), is the younger son of Colonel Bradford, of Lustleigh, Newton Abbot. — [Photographs by Swaine.]



WHEN BROCK'S BECAME PAINS!



GRANNY (*innocent in such matters*): Now, Bobby, I told you not to bring any nasty fireworks into the house. As a punishment, I shall put them in the fire.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

The Perfectly Popular Pianist: Studies of Types.



V.—THE MYSTERY MAN: GRIEG'S "ASA'S TOD" ("PEER GYNT.")

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A FLY IN THE "HELLO, HONEY"; BUT "KEEP SMILING!"



"BY TELEPHONE," IN THE ALHAMBRA REVUE: THE FIRST OPERATOR; THE NUT; AND A LADY OF THE CHORUS.

One of the most amusing scenes of "Keep Smiling!" is that called "By Telephone," with the sub-title, "Hello, Honey." In this are concerned two Telephone Operators, a Nut, a Husband, a Wife, and a Lady of the Chorus. The first telephone-girl, not liking to be interrupted by calls when she is talking dress to the second operator, has

her revenge on impatient subscribers by mixing the calls, often in the middle of conversation, with exceedingly awkward and amusing results. With the exception of the First Operator, who is always visible, the other characters are revealed to the audience at the appropriate times by the withdrawal of sections of the black back-cloth.

Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Campbell-Gray.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

SOME OPINIONS AND—NO MORAL.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

A PROPOS of one of my late articles, an amiable reader sends me the following letter, which flatters me vastly, at the same time frightening me not a little. I am being taken *au sérieux*. I suppose I may be allowed to quote it—or part of it. It interested me very much, and will interest my women readers, being a masculine point of view—

I do agree with all you say in it [my article based on Sir James Barrie's play]. You have just touched on a tremendous problem—but lightly and daintily, dear Phrynette. You have trod only a little way—could we not draw yet another moral from Sir James Barrie's play, "Half-an-Hour"? I think Lady Lilian is meant to represent that class of woman—let us hope they are few, though I fear they are very many—to whom Body is far more important than Soul.

I disagree with you, Phrynette, when you say that Lady Lilian would never have returned to her hated husband had she had the equivalent in gold of her chinchilla wraps; she would have returned, because such a woman requires many chinchilla wraps.

Yes, I am quite of your opinion that parents should make their daughters monetarily independent. How many can, though, even if they will—how many have the means? When they can, what really happens is that parents spoil their daughters with luxuries and clothes. They are given no real pleasant interests in life, but are taught only to look out for eligible bachelors all the time; and they are sold to the highest bidder—clothes and body only, mind you. I have known parents negotiate their children's marriage without caring a jot for the feelings of the latter in the matter.

Of my former point I will tell you what happened some time ago in my own case. I was at a pretty seaside place. I stayed at rather an expensive hotel; for this reason, mark you, I got to know many people. I was "lunched" and "dinnered" and all that sort of thing, you know. I can honestly say that I am without the least quality that appeals to a woman. I was merely thought rich! I could see none of the girls cared for me a bit, though, bless their hearts, they tried hard to show they did. Their horrible mothers—why does a woman become so horrible when she has a marriageable daughter?—always plotted and hinted and left their girls alone with me. The boys who really liked them, and whom the girls really liked, were quite neglected. Naturally, they hated me. When things were getting bad, I just let it leak out—in an off-hand sort of way—that I was married, though I am not. Slowly they melted from me and returned to their old loves, and all was tranquil again.

Blame those of your sex who are Lady Lilians! Blame those of your sex who are so weak as to agree to let their parents choose their mate—for reasons of wealth and convenience! Some, perhaps, agree so as to escape an insufferable home life. But they are merely jumping from the frying-pan into the fire.

I, too, do not approve of marriage—it is for thinkers like Phrynette to evolve something higher, something nobler. We often hear talk of Love and True Friendship. Tell me, Phrynette, what these are. I can

tell you what they are not. What, too, is marriage for love? How long does it last?

Yes, a thousand times yes, for a woman work and suicide are the same thing. If ever some reason should take you to Lancashire, you will see sexless woman. Why does a woman work, or want to work and strive with man? It is such fascinating bad logic—as only a woman is capable of. It reacts to her harm. She undersells her brother man and cuts him out. That's why thousands of young chaps are unable to support themselves, much less wives—even if we do accept the marriage institution. There, I can show you the disease; it is for you, Phrynette, to think out the cure—you who sit aloof in the cool of authorship, but with your gentle hand on the pulse of the age. It is for feminine thinkers to guide their sex. Noise, shouting, breaking windows effect nothing.

My dear correspondent, thank you from my heart for your so kind appreciation and your faith in my goodwill and power, but I would sooner hope to drive successfully a herd of mad bulls across the pampas than try to guide my sex in matters of morals or reason. First, because women feel, but seldom think; and whereas you can convince or influence a mind, you cannot attune emotions in others to your own diapason—that is, in your own sex, of course. Secondly, if I did tell women all I thought, why, my editor—who is, on the whole, an indulgent censor—would not have enough blue pencil when revising my page!

You say I tread "only a little way." Prudence, my dear reader! I know myself. Did I let myself go, I should run away in the most unladylike fashion and kick over all traces that ever were. I am that never-to-be-trusted being where conventions are concerned—a rebel! And I am not a thinker—just a mere, honestly minded woman with a shoulder that will shrug and a foot that will stamp incorrigibly.

How imprudent of you, dear reader, to speak thus of mothers of marriageable daughters! I might have been one of those horrible and rapacious creatures, with half-a-dozen "dear girls" to place advantageously. But once again you guessed right—I am not!

"How long," ask you, "does a marriage for love last?" Well, it depends. Until divorce or death, I suppose! But perhaps you mean—how long does *love* last? What a greedy question! What matter whether it lasts or not, if only it be glorious enough? Does summer last, or a song, or a thrill, or youth itself? Drink and be satisfied, and do not sigh because your cup does not hold the Ocean Infinite.

Will the writer of a letter from Cambridge please send a *legible* name and address? There is absolutely no reason why he or she should not. I am sorry if I have seemed satirical—I have no sympathy with satirists.



JOAN OF ARC IN REGENT'S PARK! MISS LILLAN GRANFELT, FULLY ARMoured, TRYING HER HORSE FOR COVENT GARDEN.

As most of our readers must know, it was arranged that Miss Lillian Granfelt should be the Maid of Orleans at the first performance of Mr. Raymond Roze's English opera, "Joan of Arc," at Covent Garden. The singer is here seen trying her horse, before the production and getting him used to armour. A policeman, by the way, evidently remembering the Suffragettes' Joan of Arc, had an idea that the ride in question was another W.S.P.U. move; his suspicions were soon lulled.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

FOR THE IMPERIAL FAMILY ONLY: MODELS OF PAVLOVA.



MADE BY ORDER OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA: SCULPTURES OF MME. PAVLOVA, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER.

As we had occasion to note in "The Sketch" at the time, when we gave a photograph of the dancer sitting to the sculptor, the Emperor of Russia recently bestowed a signal compliment on Mme. Pavlova by sending over to London a sculptor, M. Seraphin Soudbinine, for the special purpose of making models of her to be reproduced

in porcelain at his Imperial Majesty's own private factory. The porcelain made there is never sold, but reserved for the sole use of the Imperial family. The first photograph on this page shows a statuette of Mme. Pavlova as Giselle; the third shows the head of her in the "Swan Dance."

Photographs of the Sculptures by M. Seraphin Soudbinine by Choutmoff.



AN AUTHOR ON MANY THINGS: ARNOLD BENNETT THE ESSAYIST.*

Arnold Bennett on Many Things.

Mr. Arnold Bennett is an observer, and much more. To his sight is allied humanity, that subtle understanding which is greater even than imagination. Always behind the writer is the man, just as always before him are the man and the woman. So deft is he in chronicling that his tellings seem effortless; yet what power is in that touch which, oft-times revealing the unexpected, inevitably shows truth. That rudimentary third eye of ancient lore—perhaps of the modern; we write in ignorance of such science—is his unquestionably, set in the centre of the forehead, at once servant and master of the brain. Whatever his subject-matter, he makes the reader slave to it, a willing attendant who has no desire to wrest for himself the Phrygian cap. And he is exceedingly catholic, as this, his latest book, bears witness. In it, he writes of many things—the Russian Ballet, the collier, the forest of Fontainebleau, ten hours at Blackpool, the hotel on the Swiss landscape, Manchester, the British home, night and morning in Florence, and so on, to much entertainment.

On the Tram. To select from such a work half-a-dozen passages which shall suggest the whole, however faintly, is a task of magnitude; but such a choice may at least convey the style. Note what Mr. Bennett can contrive from that which is to most a commonplace—the Tram. "They are enormous and beautiful; they are admirably designed, and they function perfectly; they are picturesque, inexplicable, and uncanny. They come to rest with the gentleness of doves, and they hurtle through the air like shells. Their motion—smooth, delicate and horizontal—is always delightful. . . . They never cease. They roll along day and night without a pause; in the middle of the night you see them glittering away to the ends of the country. . . . They are a thrilling sight. And see the pigmy in the forefront of each one, rather like a mahout on the neck of an elephant, doing as he likes with the obedient monster! And see the scores of pigmies inside each of them, black dots that jump out like fleas and disappear like fleas! The loaded tram stops, and in a moment it is empty, and of the contents there is no trace. The contents are dissolved in London."

On Two Phases of the Russian Ballet. Then to a phase of the Russian Imperial Ballet: a note from Paris. "The famous, the notorious *foyer de la danse* was empty. Here was an evening given exclusively to the ballet, and not one member of the corps had had the idea of exhibiting herself in the show-room specially provided by the State as a place or rendezvous for ladies and gentlemen. The most precious quality of an annual subscription for a seat at the Opéra is that it carries with it the entry to the *foyer de la danse*. . . . And lo! the gigantic but tawdry mirror which gives a factitious amplitude to a room that is really

small did not reflect the limbs of a single dancer! . . . the world of the Opéra was astounded at the neglect of its hallowed *foyer* by these young women from St. Petersburg and Moscow. . . . The legend of the sobriety and the chastity of these strange Russians was abroad in the Opéra like a strange, uncanny tale. Frankly, Paris could not understand it. . . . Paris never recovered from the wonder of the fact that when they were not dancing these lovely girls were just honest misses. . . . Amid the turmoil of the stage . . . a dancer could be seen here and there in a corner, waiting, preoccupied, worried, practising a step or a gesture." The writer encountered one of the principals. He was conventionally polite; and when Mr. Bennett quickly turned away "he lapsed back into his preoccupation concerning the half-hour's intense emotional and physical labour that lay immediately in front of him. In a few moments the curtain went up, and the terrific creative energy of the troupe began to vent itself." "And," continues Mr. Bennett, "I began to understand a part of the secret of the extreme brilliance of the Russian Ballet."



TO UNDERGO A COURSE OF MUD-BATHS AT LIVADIA: THE TSAREVITCH—STILL CARRIED FROM PLACE TO PLACE

It is evident that although the Tsarevitch is better he is not yet thoroughly well; for it is announced that he is about to take a course of mud-baths. The mud in question is taken from the beds of the salt lagoons.—[Photograph by Record Press.]



HOW TO PUT LIGHTED CIGARS IN YOUR POCKET WITH IMPUNITY! A SPECIAL ASBESTOS POCKET FOR THE SMOKER.

The correspondent who supplies us with this photograph says: "The new rule in Philadelphia and other cities, by which anyone carrying a lighted cigar into a car must be made to throw it away or be ejected from the car, has brought into use several devices designed to enable the economical smoker to save his cigar under the circumstances. The most novel is the asbestos pocket which a Philadelphia tailor is putting in the clothes of the smokers who patronise him. This has a flap, to keep the smoke in the pocket.—[Photograph by P.-J. Press Bureau.]

On Joy-Hours at Blackpool; and Colliers.

Now a very different scene—joy-hours at Blackpool; pool. A dancing-hall: "For sixpence you can form part of it; for sixpence you can have delight. . . . This is the huge flower that springs from the horrid bed of the factory system. Human creatures are half-timers for this; they are knocked up at 5.30 a.m. in winter for this; they go on strike for this; they endure for eleven months and three weeks for this. They all earn their living by hard and repulsive work, and here they are in splendour!" And of the colliers, especially, in other hours and places: "About four o'clock in the afternoon . . . you may observe a handful of silent, formidable men in the car, a greyish-yellowish-black from head to foot. . . . They have an uncanny air. . . . Then you remember that they have been buried in geological strata probably since five o'clock that morning, and that the sky must look strange to them. Or you may be walking in the appalling outskirts . . . and you may see a whole procession of these silent men,

encrusted with carbon and perspiration, a perfect pilgrimage of them, winding its way over a down where the sparse grass is sooty and the trees are withered . . . the procession absolutely ignores you. You might not exist. It goes on, absorbed, ruthless, and sinister." At the end of the chapter it is written of a conversation with a man whose father, not himself a miner, had been the moral chieftain of one of these villages. "'Eh!' he said. 'I remember how th' women used to come to my mother sometimes of a night, and beg, 'Mrs. B., an' ye got any old white shirts to spare? They're bringing 'em up, and we mun lay 'em out!' And I remember—'" By this, do not let it be thought that Mr. Bennett's book shows him only in grim, pessimistic vein; that is not so. You who know the author best, perhaps, as novelist and dramatist, hasten to meet him as essayist—you will be repaid amply.

* "Paris Nights; and Other Impressions of Places and People." By Arnold Bennett. With Illustrations by E. A. Rickards, F.R.I.B.A. (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. net.)

HO! FOR THE LIFE OF A LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER!



THE ACTOR-MANAGER (conducting the final and dress-rehearsal of his nautical drama, "The Terror of the Seas"): Ready, all ready! When I blow the whistle, the ill-fated barque hurls herself with irresistible fury on the base of the lighthouse, consigning her dare-devil crew to a watery grave.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERGE.

SEVEN AND A KICK, IN FACT.



THE HOLIDAY-MAKER: Gone again! After playing puss-in-the-corner for nearly two hours at seven bob an hour!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE CARD: AN ECCENTRIC ROMANCE.

By MARGARET CHUTE.

HE found the Card on the floor of a taxi-cab. It was an elegant cab—obviously descended from the proud status of private equipage to that of public conveyance, but still genteel. He hired it in an idle moment, principally because Christmas Day in London, minus family or friends, is apt to pall. He was suffering, quite acutely, from that type of Christmas Day. Which is the precise and only reason for the appearance of the genteel taxi-cab in this impossible story.

He told the driver to take him along the Embankment, emphasising the direction with a vague wave of his hand. Then he entered the cab, sank back in utter boredom—and beheld the Card. Its staring whiteness caught his gaze and fixed it magnetically. There it lay, between the upturned seats facing him—a square of white, dotted with black lettering. And, without actual consciousness of obeying a wish, he bent forward and picked it up.

Perusal of the inscription followed inevitably: "Mrs. Montague Bewley. At Home. December 25th. 4 to 6. 9, Coburn Square, S.W."

The name, address, and date were inscribed in clear, round handwriting—rather attractive, he thought, studying it idly.

"So Mrs. Montague Bewley is At Home this detestable afternoon," he informed the mirror and artificial roses facing him. "Poor soul! Still, that's one way of forgetting the date!"

Then his brain whirled with a sudden thought. And that thought revolved and revolved, until finally he said aloud, "*Why not?* Where's the harm? I've got her invitation—so why in heaven's name shouldn't I?"

His fingers closed round the speaking-tube, and the driver heard him say, with creditable clearness, "Go to 9, Coburn Square."

After which command he consulted his wrist-watch, discovered the hour to be nearly 4.30, straightened his tie in the mirror, inspected his wholly admirable socks, and experienced a curious thrill at the base of his spine.

That sensation lasted till the genteel conveyance stopped before a clean house in one of London's better-class squares. The dial intimated that he owed somebody one shilling and eightpence, so he gave the driver a florin before pushing a shiny electric bell.

Waiting for the door to open, he went through a moment of intense and awful isolation, hardly mitigated by the knowledge that the Card reposed in his breast-pocket. He was contemplating immediate flight, when the door flew open, disclosing a *chic* parlour-maid, with an elegant hall as background.

She smiled at him, evidently filled with the annual spirit of goodwill. He, having moved his lips without sound, gazed at her hopelessly. She produced a second smile.

"Er—is Mrs.—er—Bewley at home?" he finally evolved, from a whirlpool of unuttered sentences.

"No, Sir . . . but Miss Valerie is in. Will you—?"

Valerie! The attractive name refreshed him instantly.

"Thanks. I'd like to see her."

The door closed softly, and he found himself ascending the staircase owned by Mrs. Montague Bewley—incidentally, by Valerie.

"What name, Sir?" inquired a voice.

"Mr. Cotsford," remarked Reginald, owner of that appellation.

"Mr. Cotsford!" repeated the maid, flinging wide a white door leading to a charming, chintz-covered room.

From a deep chair in front of the fire a girl rose swiftly and faced him. She was small and slight, with a pale face, wide-set, laughing eyes, and dusky hair that seemed red where the firelight kissed it.

"How d'you do?" murmured Valerie, for presumably the girl was Valerie.

"How d'you do?" gabbled Reginald, at precisely the same moment.

And their hands met.

The pause was awkward—as is the way with pauses under certain conditions. A faint, fascinating blush stole over her cheeks as she sank into her chair.

"I'm so sorry—" she began.

"I'm so sorry," he caught her up, "so sorry your—er—mother is out. I—"

Valerie looked into the heart of the fire.

"She had to go away yesterday," was her statement, "quite suddenly. And as this is the first Christmas Day I've ever spent by myself, I thought I might as well—"

She broke off, and her clear brown eyes travelled to meet his direct gaze.

He nodded, with calmness that surprised himself. "I know," quoth he. "You thought you might as well be At Home, instead of your mother. I—I'm jolly glad, too. . . . I got her invitation a little while ago—"

Valerie looked away. "Oh, yes?" she murmured, and settled an emerald shell pin more firmly in her coiled hair.

"Yes. And, being alone in London, I made up my mind to come round." He studied her, gravely, but with infinite appreciation. "Er—how is your mother?"

Valerie jumped. "Oh, quite well, I believe—I mean, thank you. Yes—quite well. . . . Do you take sugar?"

He did not, though at that moment he felt capable of swallowing a mountain of sugar, had she offered it to him.

She was really exquisite. So dainty, and graceful, and— He sipped his tea thoughtfully.

"I haven't seen your mother for—oh, ages!" he remarked, wildly realising that he must plunge into conversation or expire.

"No? She'll be so sorry to have missed you. . . . Are you in town for long, Mr. Cotsford?"

Sidelong, her glance travelled towards him, and he intercepted a tiny smile in two wide-set eyes.

"How did you guess I'm a stranger here?" he burst out, off his guard.

Her lips parted, then closed, before she told him quietly, "You're rather brown, you know."

"Am I? By Jove, yes; so I am. I'd forgotten. . . . As a matter of fact, I live in Egypt mostly—a hobby of mine. D'you know Egypt, Miss Bewley?"

Her eyes lighted with interest. "No—I've always longed to go there; but it costs such a lot of money. . . . You—you're an old friend of my mother's, aren't you? I think I've heard her—"

His cup rattled against its saucer. "Heard her speak of me? Of course—yes. I've known her some time. You—you ought to go to Egypt, Miss Bewley. It's a marvellous country. I don't know what possessed me to leave it, at this time of year, except the fact that a relation has left me some—er—property, and I had to see the trustees and people about it. So that's why I'm landed in London, all alone, on the loneliest day of the year."

Valerie smiled. "It *is* lonely, isn't it?" she agreed. "I understand how you feel. . . . D'you know, I shall probably go to Egypt next year. I—I'm going to be married fairly soon, and we—we may 'honeymoon' among the Pyramids."

[Continued overleaf.]

"Married?" The word sounded fearfully flat. "Oh—really! Er—congratulations, and all that sort of thing! I hope you'll be——"

It was an effort, a horrid effort. And when he realised that fifteen minutes alone, in a firelit room, with a girl he'd never set eyes on in his life had made him feel that way—well, it seemed like a crazy dream.

"I don't want good wishes," said Valerie suddenly, in a strange low voice.

"Don't want——"

"No. I'm marrying because I *must*—because I've been 'out' long enough—because a daughter is an expense; and when a husband with a big banking account comes along it's her duty to say 'yes.' That's why I'm likely to be honeymooning among the Pyramids."

This was ghastly. In a spirit of devil-may-care recklessness, Reginald Cotsford had embarked on a crazy adventure. And now—he was face to face with a tragedy! Moreover, a tragedy that mattered to an astonishing degree.

"Don't look so startled," Valerie said, with cool nonchalance. "It's done—every day. Why shouldn't I do it?"

"Because," began Reginald, "because——" Then, conscious that he had known her barely half-an-hour, he stopped abruptly.

She shrugged her shoulders with languid grace. "It isn't worrying me," she said.

"That's not true!" cried the possessor of the Card. "Don't say such a thing!" Then he struggled to his feet. "Miss Bewley, I—I came here to-day under false pretences. I meant to go away, still under false pretences. But you—you make it impossible!"

He fumbled in his breast-pocket, and drew out the Card.

"I don't know your mother," he rushed on breathlessly; "I've never seen her in my life. I should have spent to-day entirely alone, but something tempted me—and I yielded. Miss Bewley, I picked up this card in a taxi-cab!"

Dramatically, he extended the Card; and her fingers closed over its gilded edge. There was a momentary pause; then, in a dream, he heard her say—

"I know. . . . You see, I put it there!"

There was an awful silence. Then, suddenly, still clinging to the fatal Card, they were both laughing, till the room was filled with the sound.

"I don't understand," gasped Reginald Cotsford. "Could you possibly explain?"

"With pleasure. . . . I was alone, by an accident, and bored to death. Also, I wanted an adventure. All my friends are awfully dull—so I thought I'd find a new one. I took a huge chance—but

it was fearfully thrilling! I filled in one of mother's At Home cards, went out and hired a taxi, and dropped it on the floor, then left the cab in a central part of London, tore back home, and waited. And—you came!"

He stared at her, amazed. "But you were risking—oh, heaven knows what!" he muttered.

"Yes. But wasn't it worth while? Why, this is the most exciting afternoon I've spent for years! You see, *anyone* might have found it. And instead——"

"I did! M-yes. . . . Miss Bewley, do you blame me for accepting your—er—mother's invitation?"

Anxiously he waited for her reply. Valerie's head was turned aside; but he could just see one corner of her mouth. And it quivered uncontrollably.

"I think, I—don't!" she remarked at last.

Whereat he laughed afresh, with sheer relief.

"It's rather frightful," he gasped. "We are perfectly shameless people, both of us. You drop a promiscuous invitation in a genteel taxi-cab—and trust to luck. I pick up that promiscuous invitation, accept it on the spot—and also trust to luck! Result——"

"Yes?" inquired Valerie.

He looked at her, suddenly serious, with glowing, frankly admiring eyes.

"The result," he continued, "is a hopelessly informal and very pleasant tea-party; together with the interesting information that I may come across you, one of these fine days, honeymooning near the Pyramids. . . . That's rather brutal, you know."

Valerie lifted the poker and stirred the crimson coals, quite needlessly. "I—I don't think you will ever see me, near the Pyramids," she said slowly.

"Why not?" demanded Reginald, with a highly increased temperature.

"Because I'm not engaged—or likely to be married," stated the girl in the chintz-covered chair with dangerous calm. "I—er—I said that, because it seemed part of the game!"

"I see!" Reginald Cotsford was standing behind her chair, clutching it firmly. "D'you know—a honeymoon among the Pyramids is simply scrumptious—it seems a pity to miss it! . . . The only thing is, we haven't been introduced." This remark was half-assertion, half-query.

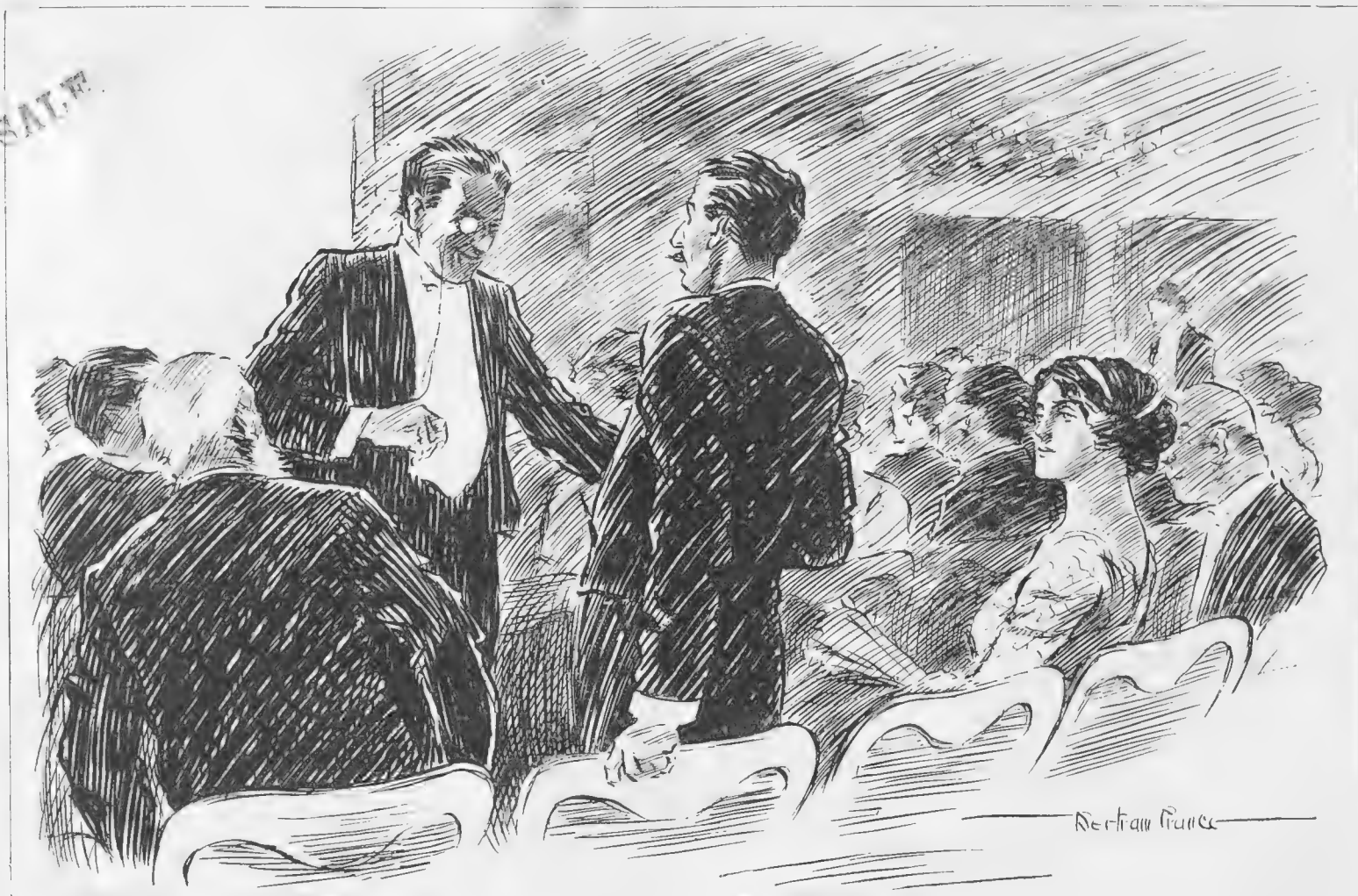
She raised her eyes, and what they saw pleased her. "Haven't we?" she said.

Then stretched out her hand, and found the Card.

"What about this?" she murmured. . . .

Remember, I warned you that it was an impossible story

THE END.



THE MAN IN THE STALLS (rising reluctantly to allow a late-comer to pass to his seat): This eternal getting up is very annoying, Sir.
THE LATE-COMER: I know it is. That's why I don't come in myself until the curtain's up.



A SKETCH AT THE PAVILION, ANOTHER AT THE OXFORD, AND ANOTHER AT THE COLISEUM.

AT the Pavilion the other evening, I found that Mr. Charles Hanbury was "presenting a quaint skit" by P. T. Selbey, entitled "His Last Night" and I decided to wait for it. It is one of those side-shows which you extend your time for, and which quite unexpectedly bring their reward. Mr. Charles Hanbury is to be married on the morrow, and returns to his flat in a condition that calls urgently for quick repose; but he is interrupted by Bindle, his fiancée's butler, who comes bearing a note for him, which he disregards. Nothing will do but to start upon the downfall of the old fossil's temperance, and this begins at once in earnest. The old man is only too ready to receive money and liquor *ad lib*, which he does to an unbridled extent, becoming completely full of money and of liquid refreshment at the same time. He is, however, sufficiently conscious of his errand to remind the young man of his errand before departure, with the result that the letter is perused. It informs him that he has been seen leaving the place of entertainment so far inebriated that the engagement must be considered off, and that the marriage will not take place. This staggering blow falls but lightly on the young man's ears, and he dismisses the old man with further donations, and retires at last to slumber. This does not sound particularly mirth-provoking, but, as a matter of fact, it really is, for the two are eminently full of merriment, and contrive to fill the bill with good, rollicking fun of an uproarious kind, which strikes quite the right note and keeps the fun at a

until the time comes for its removal, and a fresh one on new lines will be substituted to take its place. When, for example, the audience shall cease to laugh at the representation of James I., who would steal a dead fly from a blind spider, then the time will come for something equally mirth-provoking to take its place and to cause laughter. Mr. Mark Sheridan is a very talented entertainer who possesses the greatest gift of all—of being able to laugh at his own jokes and appreciate his own patter. This is very helpful, and makes the patter go with a will. He has sly little knocks at Mr. Lloyd George, which always go very well, and consequently he deals very largely in them, which shows that he knows what he is about. He has a useful way of concealing his point until the very moment of divulging it transpires, when he looses it with considerable



"OH, MERVYN, WHAT A COSTUME!" MR. FRED KERR AS SIR JOSEPH JUTTLE, MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS MERVYN JUTTLE, AND MISS LOTTIE VENNE AS LADY JUTTLE IN "PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES," AT THE GLOBE.

bravado and with an amount of appreciation of its merits which is certain of its reward. I have seen Mr. Mark Sheridan at both the Pavilion and at the Oxford recently, and there can be no doubt of the surety of his thrusts and the determination of his methods.

A Musical Sketch at the Coliseum.

Let us be perfectly plain-sailing about pianoforte-playing. Some people do not care the least about it, and are inconsiderate enough in their attitude towards it to walk out of the house the instant it commences, returning at their leisure the moment it gratifies them by a diminution of its energy. These people are to be consoled with upon the frequency with which their nerves are shattered by the fingers of pianists; but I would beg them to be patient, in view of the hundreds of would-be artists who are waiting to display their powers upon a long-suffering instrument, and who, when they get a chance, prove themselves to be perfectly acquainted with it, and get on very well. Miss Gertrude Barrison, however, does not play. She just appears in winning little costumes, and dances little dances in a friendly, familiar way that is bound to appeal to such as are not proof against such allurements. In the "Romantiker," by Lanner, an old Viennese waltz, she appears in a genuine old costume dating, we are told, from 1830, and gives a very graceful performance; and in "The Wreath," by Schaffer, and a polka by Johann Strauss, she is equally charming. She does not take up any great length of time, but just looks pretty and graceful for a few minutes, and, taken altogether, she makes a very attractive little show; not monopolising very much time, and just raising the performance a little bit above its normal level in a way which would attract anybody. Miss Gertrude Barrison's performance is quite short and soothing, and I should recommend the wanderer to stay his straying footsteps and stay for a while and listen.

ROVER.



"PEOPLE LIKE OURSELVES": MISS ETHEL WARWICK AS VIVIENNE VAVASOUR, AND MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS SEÑOR DON FERNANDO LAGUERA.

rollicking pitch from start to finish. Mr. Charles Hanbury performs his share of the fun-making with great sparkle; while Mr. Johnnie Schofield, who is particularly in earnest, carries through his share with a grip which is undeniable. This is a capital turn, and is one which should have a prolonged career upon the music-hall stage, for it goes to the root of the matter and appeals to the house in a manner which is quite undeniable.

Mr. Mark Sheridan.

This comedian has got hold of a turn which should last him a very long time, because it is elastic enough to allow of an unlimited number of emendations to run through the fun-making, and new jokes to be introduced at each performance. When one considers how many pieces of unbridled fun one can introduce into the careers of our authenticated English monarchs, one begins to appreciate the amount that can be done with a sketch of this kind. If the particular wheeze associated with the name of a particular monarch does not go temporarily, it need only be varied, and the new one will be made to avail



ON THE LINKS

THE GAME THAT NEVER ENDS: THE SEASONS OF GOLF AND THE SEASONS OF NATURE.

A Change of Season.

The professionals have nearly done with their exhibiting; it appears that there are only one or two more matches between the great men of the time to be played in public this year. Vardon and Ray should be home by now, and perhaps, as they have been absent so long, it may be arranged for them to give one or two final demonstrations of their capacity on their return, just as a kind of farewell to the season, and to satisfy us that their game, which was so good when the British public saw it last, is just as good as ever, despite the fact that they have left the American Championship behind them. In other ways there are signs, not so much of the ending of the season—golf having no such ending—as of a change of season, and the most significant of them is that both Universities are now hard at it as soon as the autumn meetings have given out. Cambridge opened with a loss; but Oxford began splendidly with a fine victory over a strong side representing the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. Both Universities have been busy making up large programmes of matches with the clubs, and I am particularly impressed with the energy and enthusiasm of the Cantabs, who are giving themselves one of the most active ante-Christmas seasons on record. Having by this time already dealt with Coombe Hill, the Royal West Norfolk, the Royal Yarmouth, and the Royal Wimbledon Clubs, they will proceed further to tackle Royal Norwich, Sunningdale, and Walton Heath, and perhaps some others. Plenty of hard club match play to give them experience, confidence, and to steady them, is what the new hands mostly need, and such a programme as this should soon lick the team into shape if it is made of the best material. Altogether, it does seem, year by year, that University golf and the University match are increasing vastly in interest and importance; and the standard of play is, on the whole, improving also, though there appeared to be a set-back at Hoylake last April.

Mr. Barry at Oxford.

This University golf, apart from other events such as those which will soon begin in the South of France and elsewhere on the Continent, will join us up to the beginning of the next tournament and championship season, proving that there is no end to the game, since the University match itself is always regarded as the beginning of the big time of the New Year; and as the Amateur Championship has already been settled upon for the third week in May, at Sandwich (which is a trifle earlier than it was this year), these events will be within four or five weeks of each other, and there will probably be the Ladies' Championship at Hunstanton in between them. And in connection with the next University match, far ahead as it

is, there is one pretty point that is already creating some speculation, and that is whether Mr. Gordon Barry, the Amateur Champion of 1905, will on that occasion play for Oxford, and so create a record of a very curious kind, for he has already played for Cambridge against Oxford. That Mr. Barry's golf will be good enough to give him not only a place, but a very high one, in the Oxford side there can be no doubt, for although he has been seen much less in public in recent years than was once the case, there is evidence that his game is quite of the old high class; but perhaps some other considerations may arise. At all events, he is already playing in team matches for the Oxonians, and the strange situation which seems to need explanation is, that, at twenty-eight years of age, and eight seasons after winning the Amateur Championship at Prestwick, he has suddenly surprised everybody by appearing in residence at Oriel as an undergraduate. At Cambridge his college was Pembroke.



IN COCKED HAT AND CHAIN AND WITH CIGAR: THE MAYOR OF CROYDON AS OPENER OF THE EIGHTEEN-HOLE COURSE OF THE CROHAM HURST GOLF CLUB, NEAR SOUTH CROYDON.

The Club was instituted in 1911, but until the other day only the nine-hole course was in play. Photograph by Sport and General.

Winds and Wet of Winter.

And yet again there is the weather, dear old thing, to tell us that times have changed, and seasons with them; and, after the excellence of the autumn, we have been suddenly plunged into real winter wetness, as I myself did have some cause to realise a few days back when, getting myself to the well-beloved Deal—than which there is surely no course fairer or better—I gave my clubs their first taste of the real thing since they tickled a ball out away among the green hills of Vermont, in the United States; and, if their owner in his modesty may say it, they rather seemed to like it. The autumn at Deal is often pleasant enough; but, once we have bidden

good-bye to summer, this great course of the Royal Cinque Ports Club is no place for gentle and timid players of the game, for how those east winds that lash across from the Goodwins do bite, and how those rain-clouds that we see brewing up in their thunderous grey out Sandwich way do sometimes burst upon us before we have done! One of their kind got in some of its most effectual work on this occasion, and though there have been many times when I have thought I have been wetter than ever in my life before, this undoubtedly takes its place at the top of the list. But the occasion gave me a point for an answer to the general question that everybody will be asking soon about good tips for winter play, and it is that one of the best of them is to play in a soft hat made of rather thick stuff, with the brim turned down all round. It is more comfortable than a soaking cap, it lasts longer, and it protects the face and eyes better at the time of making the shot. Especially is this a most valuable hint to players who have to use glasses.

HENRY LEACH.



TAKING TOLL OF HIS NATIVE LAND! MR. HARRY LAUDER BADLY BUNKERED DURING A FOURSOME ON THE BRUNTSFIELD LINKS GOLFING SOCIETY'S COURSE (DAVIDSON'S MAINS), EDINBURGH.

Photograph by C.N.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Tango—and Other Things.

I am sure the Tango has only leapt into frenzied popularity because it is singularly complicated and difficult. All the national intelligence, nowadays, is concentrated on games, and no form of amusement catches the town unless it requires experts to teach it and a year or so of assiduous practice before one is even moderately proficient. All this mental activity might be directed to some useful object, but such is not the trend of the times. Most people refuse to think at all, except about their special game of cards or their handicap at golf. Few people read books—they are content with a cursory glance at a review of a novel—letter-writing is a lost art, and no one can pretend that we shine as conversationalists. The only thing which remains naïvely simple is the "rag"; in this case the most primitive horse-play is not looked upon askance. But any game must be intricate in order to succeed. Not content with the difficulties of bridge, enthusiasts went on and invented "auction." No one will play a game with their hands which does not require long years of agonising practice; while the rules are changed constantly, and fresh complications confront one at every turn. Games, in short, have become such a social tyranny that easy-going and hard-worked persons who require recreation, and not mental or physical strain, should band themselves together into a Society for the Encouragement of Easy Games. The Tango, I hear, has seventy-two intricate steps, which can only be learned from an expert teacher, so that fatigued people, who would yet like to "take the floor," are now debarred from dancing and condemned to the chaperon's bench.

AUTUMNAL: A WALKING-DRESS IN DEAD-LEAF COLOUR.

A simple design for a walking-dress in dead-leaf-coloured cloth, with skunk edgings and soutaches and belt in a shade of warm brown.

something specially touching and kindly in his Majesty's invitation to the workmen who have so quickly made of Buckingham Palace a thing of shining beauty instead of a dingy edifice. It is harking back to the times when workmen took a personal interest in their craft, and it brings into human contact the house-builder and him who is to live in the house. In these days of frequent moving into vague and characterless flats, we have begun to lose a little the sense of possession, the pride in a Home. In future, the rich men and women who build a house will have to follow the pleasing royal example and make a feast for the craftsmen when the edifice is complete. In Germany, there are great doings when the roof is on a new house. A flag is run up, a bouquet is attached, and I think there are special songs for the occasion, and a bottle or two of good Rhine wine is drunk to bring luck to the new home. The Master-Builder rightly thought that "houses for men and women to live in" were more useful than dizzy and towering spires, and he lost his life because he listened to the voice of Ambition and neglected the more human task. In England we are apt to "warm our houses" by inviting persons who are satiated with hospitality. It would be an agreeable innovation to follow the King's example and entertain the work-people who have made the new home.

Speeches are in Season.

However deficient in the art of conversation the average Briton may be, it is extraordinary how he likes to get on his legs and address his contemporaries, and how those long-suffering fellow-creatures get inured to the speech. Time was when very few people ventured to make a public oration, but now both women and men are supposed to be able to rise and say something apposite on every occasion.

The feminine public-speaker is, indeed, something of an innovation. It is not so very long ago that the spectacle of a lady addressing a large dinner or a meeting was in the nature of a mild shock. Yet nowadays even pretty actresses must be ready with their tongues at public dinners; while it looks no more odd to see a chairwoman rise to propose the toast of "The King" than to see an elderly gentleman with a bald head and a vast waistcoat performing the same agreeable duty. Now that November is here, speeches may be expected to set in with their usual severity; and jokes which are appropriate, and may be safely introduced, will be hunted, captured, and kept discreetly till they can be let loose on the town.

Throats.

It seems that the human throat—however unattractive—is to be exposed to the gaze of all and sundry by men as well as women. Presently we shall see the "nuts"—arrayed in all their nuttiness—with exposed chests and flowing neck-ties. Two of such fashion-swallows have actually been seen in the stalls of a Paris theatre, and though the innovation aroused some hostility among their neighbours, it is "Lombard Street to a China orange" that this mode will come in. Lord Byron, a century ago, bared his beautiful throat—and all European youth imitated him. The exposed neck will necessitate more curved lines, brighter colours, possibly knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The hat will have to assume a more picturesque outline than the stiff "topper" or the odious "bowler." The fashion will, let us hope, be confined to the young and curly, for no sight is more disagreeable or more suggestive of the passing years than a neck which is too fat

The King's Dinner.

King George has the secret of all

the humanities: he always seems to do the right, the genial thing, and this without advertising—as some potentates have done—for popularity. There is

**A DANCE-DRESS AND ANOTHER.**

The left-hand figure wears a dance-dress made of very soft mousseline-taffetas, gathered up into three layers of puffs on the skirt; the bodice of draped tulle is held into the figure with a high belt and a bouquet of roses in front. The frock on the right, composed of flesh-coloured chiffon and fine white lace, has a double tunic and draped skirt, bordered with ermine.

or too lean. Modish women have recklessly cast their neck-coverings to the four winds, only to discover that Sweet-and-Twenty may look charming with a loose open bodice, but that Rising Sixty should be covered up if she wishes to retain the goodwill of her contemporaries. But men seldom make mistakes of this kind in their dress; and we may reasonably expect that only the young and joyous will go bare-necked to evening parties and the playhouse.

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Dull Days.

The winter is at hand—not the cold, bright, sunny, snappy days that show us our women at their best, wrapped in cosy, luxurious furs, stepping out up Bond Street, down Sloane Street, or along the sunny side of Piccadilly, eyes bright, cheeks pink, and smiles frequent; rather close, damp, muggy days, when such furs as are worn are manifestly for effect, not comfort, when motor-cars and taxi-cabs are used almost from door to door to escape mud, and when shopping is done, if at all, half-heartedly. The winter season begins very late; it is said to start this week, but signs and tokens that it does so are wanting. I went to a Tango tea last week at a public restaurant, and there I saw some very smart dresses worn, but not a single member of what we used to call Society was present. The Tango, as danced for our edification, was quite pretty and fascinating to watch. I gravely doubt that our young exquisites and the girls of the day will give themselves the trouble to learn it rightly, and if it degenerates at all, it will become a vulgar kick-up. I was told that these teas rake in rare profits to the *restaurateurs*; nevertheless, I doubt the ascendancy and stability of the craze. Afternoon amusements of this or any other kind are, I consider, a real boon.

A Precaution.

The wise women of the day always give a little more care to their complexions in winter than at any other season. Many of those whose skins are of the most beautiful are now using the Cimolite preparations procurable at 13, Baker Street, or of any leading chemist, which have so endeared themselves to women who care for their complexions. The toilet-cream is not only a preservative—it is also a cure,

and all roughness of the skin disappears under its benign influence like magic. The

Cimolite face-powder and Cimolite soap have also their distinct values in keeping complexions clear and bright, and skins soft and satin-like.

The Way to Fortune.

Invent something to keep women's hats properly poised on their heads, other than a pin, and your fortune is made—also, you are a benefactor to the human race. Hat-pins are abominations: whether they have as head a glass bead set in much gilding and are thrust through the hair and hat of a maid-of-all-work, or have heads of cameos set round with diamonds and secure a ten-guinea hat to a fifty-guinea coiffure—the points are equally objectionable! What everybody knows is that they are dangerous and unsatisfactory; what nobody knows is how to replace them. Prizes have been offered freely and generously for risking human life; some philanthropic person should offer some for saving it and ameliorating its inconvenience by inventing a substitute for a hat-pin.

Sovereigns and Silence.

We all know that silence is held to be golden; if exercised about a Sovereign, it is of value above

rubies. All who are admitted to the friendship of a King, and brought into close contact with the private, human, and intimate side of him, should be sworn to secrecy then and thereafter. Human we know all monarchs to be, and we like to know it; faultless we know that none of them is. Tittle-tattle about them and the times when they are having their off-duty relaxations and amuse-

ments is not desirable if it is carried to lengths beyond the limits of respect. These are days of reducing things to the level of everyday life, but nevertheless, the public likes to preserve a certain atmosphere of idealism surrounding the personalities of those in high places. This is certainly a right attitude to take in such matters. While the domestic details of the lives of royalties often serve to endear them to their people, the publication of such details should be discriminating and duly authorised.

Cupid and Common-Sense.

Common-sense marriages are largely on the increase. Lord Waleran, a rich widower Peer, married a widow for companionship, and, as the Service says, "the mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other." Bishop Thornton marries the widow of one of his own curates, to whom he long ago married her. He has known the lady all his life, and she has known him. Mr. Mortimer Singer married the lady who, three years ago in Cairo, nursed him after a serious flying accident. He is a millionaire; she was a professional nurse. They were married off his 400-ton yacht, the *Modwena*. There was a Bulgarian officer who came over here and married the English girl who nursed him when wounded in the Balkan War. These, and many other marriages which have taken place recently, betoken an understanding, which may become a partnership, between Dan Cupid and Dame Common-sense. This should result very beneficially to the permanence of the marriage bond.

Mistress of the Robes.

Many people noticed, at the wedding of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, that Queen Alexandra had no Mistress of the Robes. Her Majesty made no appointment after the Duchess of Buccleuch died. The Duchess of Portland has now been appointed, and a very stately Mistress of the Robes she is. There is no salary, and nowadays no perquisites, attaching to the office, such as the robes worn on historical occasions by the Queen. Royal carriages will be at her Grace's disposal. To this, however, she was accustomed during the time that the Duke was Master of the Horse. To the Duchess of Portland the appointment is an honour and mark of Queen Alexandra's confidence and attachment. The Duchess will render her attendances to her Majesty from a loyal and devoted spirit such as Queen Alexandra has constantly inspired.



TO MARRY MR. ALEXANDER RUSSELL BIRCH TO-MORROW (NOV. 6): MISS DOROTHEA (DULCIE) BAGGALLAY.

Miss Dulcie Baggallay is the elder daughter of Mr. Ernest Baggallay, the well-known Metropolitan Magistrate, a son of the late Lord Justice Baggallay. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir Walter Burrell, fifth Baronet, of Knepp Castle, Horsham, and West Grinstead Park. Mr. A. R. Birch, of Madras, is the son of Mr. Horace Birch, late of Calcutta. The wedding is to be at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



A ROMANY ROMANCE: THE GIPSY BELLE OF THE HOME COUNTIES, FEZENTA BUCKLAND, WHO WAS RECENTLY MARRIED. Mrs. Buckland, formerly known as Fezenta Fenner, has the reputation of being the most beautiful gipsy in the Home Counties. She was married the other day to William Buckland, also a gipsy, at Datchet. — [Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]



MOTHER OF A NEW BOY SCOUT: LADY BADEN-POWELL, WHO GAVE BIRTH TO A SON ON OCTOBER 30, THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING.

When Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the Chief Scout, became engaged last year to Miss Clave St. Clair Soames, he said in an interview: "I shall never leave the Scouts, though Cupid has pierced the heart of their Chief." It may safely be assumed, therefore, that his son, who was born a few days ago, will follow in the steps of his father. Lady Baden-Powell is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ha. old Soames, of Gray Rigg, Lilliput, Dorset.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE NEW LORD CHIEF OFF THE BENCH: SIR RUFUS ISAACS, IN HIS ROBES AS LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, IN HIS PRIVATE ROOM AT THE LAW COURTS.

Photograph by C.N.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 12.

ARGENTINA.

THE speech of Sir Joseph White Todd at the meeting of the Central Argentine Railway was one upon which he is greatly to be congratulated. It was, of course, more especially addressed to the shareholders in that Company, but much that he said should prove of great interest to all with securities in that part of the world. Unfortunately, we have not the space to quote his words at any length, but the following passages will show how fully he believes in the future of the Argentine—

"Progress and prosperity are not merely continuing, but daily increasing. Marked as is the industrial growth throughout the land, the steadiness of its expansion imbues one with the conviction that year by year the welfare of the Argentine is being built up on a solid and permanent foundation. . . . I repeat that, in my personal opinion, much as some may say that I am too optimistic about the future of Argentina, that country is merely in its infancy. Momentarily, it is true that there is some depression, but this is attributable in part to the state of financial affairs in Europe, and in a lesser degree to a local condition—namely, over-speculation in land. I say 'in a lesser degree' because the over-speculation has been largely in those parts of the country not yet reached by the railway, and where, consequently, cultivation has not commenced; but as means of communication increase, so does the value of the land tend to find its level, for it is then based, when changing hands, on its capacity for production."

At the same meeting, another director, after pointing out that the Argentine would, before long, become one of the world's largest food-producers, added: ". . . I have no doubt that in future the food-producers of the world will be the masters of the civilised world." We wonder. The question is really of only academic interest, but history, at all events, does not endorse this view. It would make an interesting subject for a schoolboy's essay, or even for wiser heads.

THE LIVERPOOL NITRATE COMPANY.

Regular readers of these Notes can hardly have been surprised at the excellent report just issued by this Company, although the increase in the dividend from 125 to 150 per cent. was not altogether in accordance with our anticipations. We thought that it would have been necessary to allow even more than £25,000 towards the cost of the new Mapocho Oficina. We have, however, consistently recommended the shares of the Company for a long time past, both editorially and in the notes of our valued correspondent, "Q."

The accounts just presented show a net revenue of £111,200, or nearly 200 per cent. on the share-capital outstanding, which amounts to only £56,800. The directors, after paying the above-mentioned dividend, have transferred £2000 to fire-insurance fund, £4000 to income-tax reserve, and £25,000 to the Mapocho Oficina account, and the carry-forward remains practically unchanged at £15,200.

The outlook for the Company is excellent, and the report states that the construction of the new Oficina, upon which £77,100 has been already expended, is proceeding rapidly. The importance of this latter fact cannot be overestimated, as, when completed, the new Oficina will enable the Company to double its present output; and consequently do very nearly the same with its profits.

The £2 shares were divided into eight shares of 5s. each earlier in this year, and the current quotation is 3 7-8, in which is included a dividend of 4s. 6d. The yield therefore works out at a shade over 10 per cent. upon last year's results. Present prices for nitrate-of-soda are eminently satisfactory, and everything thus points to a considerable increase in the distribution for 1914. We look upon these shares as quite the cheapest and best in the Nitrate Market, and fail to see how a purchase at present can turn out anything except profitable.

AMALGAMATED PRESS.

The directors of this Company announce their intention of distributing a bonus of three fully paid £1 Ordinary shares in respect of every ten now held. Net earnings are stated to be sufficient to maintain the current dividend of 40 per cent. upon the increased capital.

In addition to the business in this country, which continues to prosper exceedingly, the interests held in the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, which were acquired in order to ensure the Company against any rise in the cost of paper, are proving exceedingly valuable.

A year ago, it may be remembered, £140,000 was taken from the reserves in order to write down the goodwill to £500,000, and, presumably, this same fund, which now stands at £235,000, will be further drawn upon in connection with the present issue. The Company is undoubtedly enjoying a tremendous degree of prosperity, and the shareholders will naturally welcome the present very handsome bonus, but the scheme is not one that we altogether welcome. We have so often seen similar watering-down of capital prove disastrous later on that we always disapprove of it on principle.

KENT COAL.

The report of the Kent Coal meeting is, like most affairs of the various Kent Coal Companies, most difficult to understand. Perhaps the most interesting fact is the absence of Mr. Arthur Burr's name from the Board of the amalgamated concern. It seems rather hard that he should have to efface himself after the hard work he has done in the past, but we presume it was essential in order to obtain the support of the necessary influential people. And yet the name of Dr. Malcolm Burr appears in the list of new directors! Such being the case, it is impossible to refrain from wondering whether Mr. Arthur Burr's retirement is not more apparent than real.

Sir Henry McCullum joins the Board, and will, we have no doubt, do his best to straighten out the tangled financial skein. This is his first and most important task; until the public can really comprehend the position, it is useless to expect any great measure of support.

The enthusiasts have reason to be proud of Mr. Burr, but they must realise that criticism of his financial methods is not unreasonable. How else can they explain Mr. Burr's own statement that, in spite of wonderful prospects, it is impossible to raise money on Debentures by offering even 10 per cent. interest? The only other explanation is that developments in the pits are unsatisfactory, and no one can possibly suggest that such is the case.

We have no doubt that the position will eventually be put right and be made comprehensible to the ordinary mind; but, at present, we should hesitate to advise anyone to find money for the scheme. It savours too much of buying a pig-in-a-poke for our liking.

BROKER AND I.

Having splashed my way through London's autumnal mud and slush to his office, I was anything but pleased to learn that the Broker was out.

"You could call him out from the House, Sir," suggested the clerk, and being of a persistent—or, as some say, an obstinate—nature, I paddled on into Throgmorton Street. Turning in at the New Court entrance, I stopped to clear a lump of mud from my left eye, when a gentleman of ample proportions came down the steps two—or three—at a time. I only escaped a horrid catastrophe by flattening myself against the wall, and, even so, was nearly deafened by his raucous shout. What he said I shall never know, but a diminutive boy detached himself from a group at the foot of the stairs, received a slip of paper from the man of Bashan, and sped off into the wet and murky gloom. (Tragic, isn't it?)

"First order he's had to-day," was the only remark I heard as I hurried up the steps. A pleasant-featured man in fancy-dress called my friend's name down a tube, and presently he appeared.

"How are you?" he said. "And what can I—"

"Take me somewhere quiet," I begged him, and he promptly led me across the road, down into a warm and cosy parlour where many were gathered together.

"Well, my indignant friend," he began when we had settled down, "I—"

"Why indignant?"

"You write Financial Notes or something, don't you? I gathered from the papers that all you people were filled with righteous wrath at the suggestion that anyone could make you write puffs for nothing."

"You're quite wrong," I replied. "A careless circular has opened the whole question; but the real complaint is that the same agency should send out both news and ads. Nobody considers the 'pleasant relations with City Editors' more than a catch."

"H'm," he replied. "Talking of free calls, you can have one for a drink—what's yours?"

"Something warming, please," and when I'd got it I asked for advice.

"I think," he said, "it's time to take profits on North Caucasians; signs there are that options have been exercised and shares been sold, and besides, even if the current dividend estimates of 20 per cent. are fulfilled, 34s. is too dear."

"But Oils all look pretty good—"

"Quite so; but it's no use trying to get out at the very top—that's how we all get left."

"How did it happen?" (It was his injured tone of voice that made me ask.) "I thought the whole Stock Exchange were bears of everything."

"I foolishly imagined Mexican Rails would have a spurt the other day," he replied; "but I've joined the bears now, and so I feel more comfy."

"If America intervenes, you'll make pots of money, and I can't see any Mexican things going better yet awhile; but I never like to be a bear with a crowd—it takes so little to make 'em panicky."

The Broker tugged the coat of a friend of his who was passing.

"Here's a chap who's come for some tips," he said. "What shall I tell him?"

The friend looked at me and shook his head. "Gambling tips I never give," he said. "Investment tips you can have galore: Home Rails are dirt cheap, Electric-Light shares are worth buying when you can get any, and if coal comes down in price they'll do even better—"

"You're not very original," interrupted the Broker. "What about Rhodesians?"

(Continued on page xii.)

THE EVE OF COVERT SHOOTING.

NOW we reach the season when the woods are at their best. To be sure, they are parting with their leaves in order that sturdy trunks and tender young wood alike may preserve the life-giving moisture that will sustain it till spring comes back again, but they are endowing their dying treasures with such a splendid assortment of colouring that it is almost impossible to realise that so much pomp and beauty can be associated with death. For many of us this is the woodland's hour, and the interest is increased by the pheasants, without number for multitude, that throng the rides at feeding time. The sportsman, turning gladly from the rather barren days of partridge-driving and the very mild excitement of mopping up hedgerow birds, begins to think of the days, now so near at hand, when he will try his skill against the high-fliers, and the only anxious men in the countryside just now are the keepers. To them the sunny days that follow sharp, frosty mornings in early November are times of great stress. Their woods may be full of splendid birds; the difficulty is to keep them there. When the frost begins to yield to the advances of a bright, sunny day, dozens of pheasants will leave the wood, and if the lads on point duty endeavour to drive them back, a certain number will take to their wings and speed to their favoured playgrounds. Perhaps these playgrounds belong to somebody who does not preserve pheasants, but is by no means averse from shooting them, and in that case it may be that, of fifty birds that stray, a score never return. It is well-nigh impossible to stop this leakage, for the old cock-pheasant is a cunning bird, almost as fond of having his own way as is his master, and the most the keeper can do is to watch his woods carefully and hope that the guns will fix an earliest day after the leaf has fallen. Pheasants in pursuit of food will wander for miles; they seem to show a marked fondness for river-banks and small spinneys in which the growth is not far advanced.

When there is a hard frost and a dull, foggy morning, they sleep late, but on a fine day they are early astir: I hear them almost as soon as it is daylight. They have a certain sense of curiosity, too. I frequently see a pheasant or two sitting on the top of the pergola in a secluded corner of my garden in company with the pigeons—I have watched a couple of cock birds sunning themselves there for more than an hour. They will come and feed with the chickens from time to time, and there was one cock-pheasant that came regularly last year to feed at the trough of one of my dogs. The

dog seemed rather to like his visitor; he never snapped or growled, and though the venturesome bird passed right over my head more than once when I had a gun in my hand, I treated him as a guest and not as a possible dinner. After the woods had been shot once, he was still a visitor; but when the second visit had been paid I saw no more of him. A friend of mine living a mile or two away told me last year that for the second or third season in succession—I forget which—a pheasant that came regularly to the garden, and walked with a limp telling of an old wound, would fly away from the woods and light on a certain fir-tree when guns began to go off. It did not matter whether somebody shot a rabbit or pigeon, or whether the woods were being beaten—at first gun-fire that pheasant sought sanctuary, and never stirred from his perch until the evening.

Clearly, some pheasants have a measure of intelligence with which they are not credited—an intelligence which their upbringing does all that may be done to discount. For shooting purposes, a bird that can use its wits as well as its wings is no good at all. In the old days a couple of pheasants would give man and dog a morning's sport, and would sometimes beat him in the end; even to-day a few wild birds will make a splendid fight for life, using their feet until flight becomes imperative. But the rank-and-file of hand-reared birds cannot acquire initiative. From the time they leave the egg until the moment when they pass over the guns, everything is done for them. They are not required to look for food, their enemies are killed at sight, they are pampered and encouraged to lead the laziest lives. For their sakes, everything to which the name vermin can be applied—or misapplied—is slaughtered without mercy. They learn to regard the keeper as a friend, to respond to his call—to feed, if he wishes it, from his hand. If they had any reasoning faculty, what would they think of the change of attitude that is now about to take place? How would they regard the behaviour of the man who has been their friend for so long, and is now only anxious that as many as possible should be killed—who does his best to see that every one of his charges passes over the lines that vomit death? It is well that neither the average pheasant nor the average keeper has any imagination. To the man who comes to shoot, one pheasant is the same as another; the only question is whether it flies properly, and offers a sporting shot. But the keeper reared those birds when they were chicks, has guarded them since then with unremitted care; the work of half-a-year or more has led to the battue, and to the "pick-up" that follows later, and is still less attractive. Yes, it is well that the gamekeeper is not an imaginative man.

B.

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It forces the impurities and poisonous matters through the pores of the skin, increases the circulation of the blood, and vitalises the whole body. Nothing else accomplishes such perfect cleanliness, or so quickly quiets the nervous and rests the tired. It can be used in any room, and folds into a small compact space. No assistant is required.

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The bottle and the label are often counterfeited, and so are the contents.

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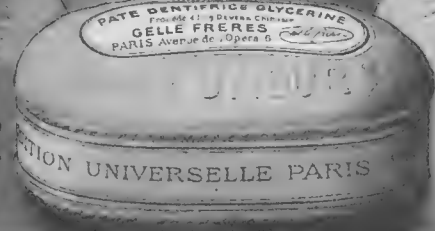


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A Child's Day and Night Nursery

Graciously Designed by H.M. Queen Alexandra.

Described in "The Tatler" of October 8th, 1913, as follows:—

"OF course the great thing at the Ideal Home Exhibition was Her Majesty Queen Alexandra's Nursery. This was, as it were, the *pièce de résistance*. The tendency of so many people when thinking of Royalty is to put a throne or state-coach in the foreground. Consequently, Queens never seem so lovable as when they interest themselves in humble, everyday affairs.

"It was a very lovely nursery with the design and furnishings of which the Queen-Mother had so graciously concerned herself. For it was undeniably a children's room. As a rule grown-ups mean well, but they lack understanding. They forget how monstrously large things seem to people who are quite small. But in these most perfect nursery rooms—a combined day and night nursery with bath and dressing room adjoining—the child's sense of proportion was never overwhelming.

"Everything was built and planned to special measurements. The picture frieze on the wall did not vanish into space; it ran all round the room at just the proper height for a child to see it easily. Jolly pictures they were, too. It was market day; a hay-cart groaned along the road drawn by two white horses. Grannie drove a flock of geese which waddled absurdly. A man with a pig walked just in front of a farmer in a first-rate dog-cart—all very entertaining. A delightful combination of charm, simplicity and common-sense pervaded this nursery. The firm that executed the design—Messrs. Waring & Gillow—had shown rare sympathy in dealing with the subject. A child's mind was understood—no easy matter. Queen Alexandra's Nursery was ideal, and great satisfaction was expressed by the numbers who thronged around when they heard that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra had graciously allowed the room to be exhibited at Messrs. Waring & Gillow's Oxford Street Galleries, and that they would have a further opportunity of seeing the Nursery."

*Born 1820
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The simple truth about the popularity of "Johnnie Walker" is all contained in the one word——"quality."——Guaranteed same throughout the world. This has been maintained by the same family management since 1820.

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To safeguard these ages, our policy for the future is our policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain our unique quality.

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'CRAVEN' at Sixpence

The introduction of Craven 'A' means that pipe smokers may now, for the first time, obtain a mixture possessing the true Craven flavour and characteristics at the price of 6d. per ounce.

Craven is the classic tobacco. For nearly half-a-century it has been the standard by which all other mixtures are judged. The secret of its perfect blending and mixing has been so carefully guarded that it has never been successfully imitated. CRAVEN 'A', produced under the same formula, offers smokers of 6d. tobaccos a means of enjoying the highest pleasures of pipe-smoking hitherto unattainable at that price.

CRAVEN "A" MIXTURE

"Sixpence an ounce"

CARRERAS, Ltd. (Estd. 1788), Arcadia Works, London, E.C.

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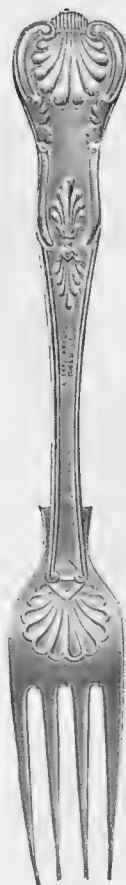
—that "4711" stands alone as the perfume used by Gentlemen. Its fragrance creates an atmosphere clean and fresh that is in perfect harmony with every well-groomed man.

"4711" is distilled according to the ancient and original formula. Its odour is its own and is unmistakable. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers throughout the world.

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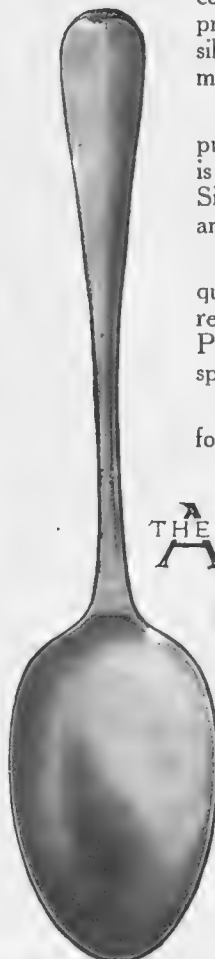
When purchasing Spoons and Forks, the deciding factor should be their wearing qualities. It is a matter of regret that much of the Plate that is sold is not worthy of the name of Silver

Plate, being simply a common metal lightly coated with Silver, consequently an unfavourable impression is soon created when the silver wears off and the base metal shows through.

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So excellent are its wearing qualities that the French Customs recently stamped WELBECK PLATE as Sterling Silver. This speaks for itself.

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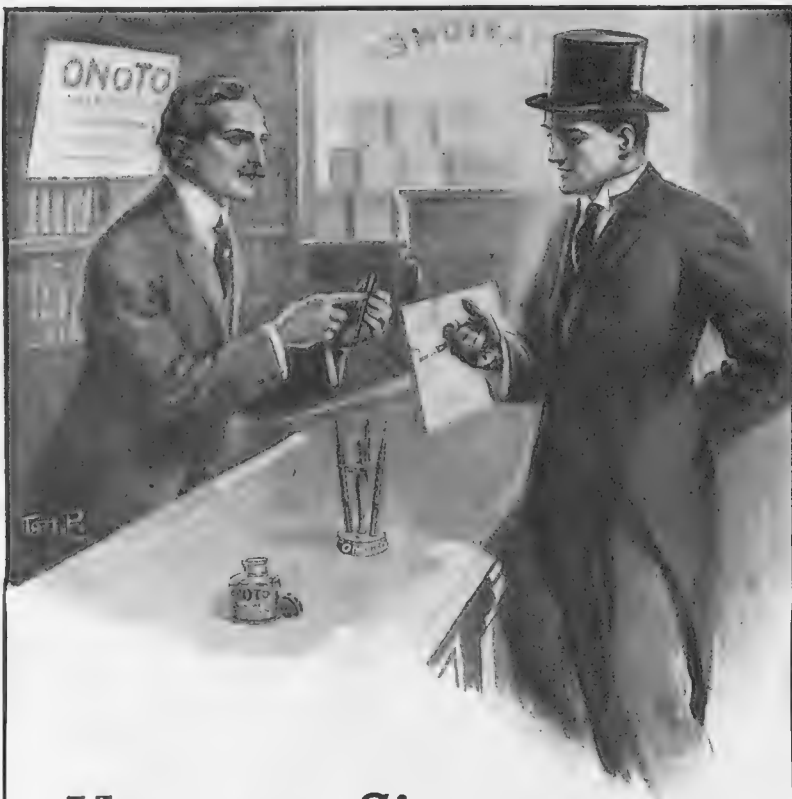
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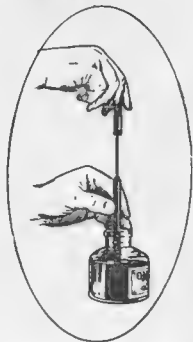
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**You see Sir,
it works this
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“You simply turn this ‘head’—thrust the nib of the pen into the ink—pull the ‘head’ out as far as it will go, push it back, and the pen is filled.



The Onoto fills itself instantly from any ink supply.

“Of course this is a special feature of the Onoto. An interesting point too, sir, is that the Onoto cleans itself while it fills itself.

“The Onoto is British-Made. There is absolutely no trouble with an Onoto. All the trouble has been taken in the making. The makers consequently guarantee it to last a lifetime. If it ever goes wrong, they immediately put it right, free of cost.

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WHAT better gift can a woman desire than a perfect complexion? And yet, after all, the beauty of the complexion is to a great extent purely a matter of cultivation. If every woman would only make it a daily practice to gently massage her face and hands with Beetham's La-rola, it is safe to say that her skin would soon become beautifully clear and soft, and her complexion would rival the peach in delicacy and hue.

**BEETHAM'S
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is an indispensable adjunct to the toilet table. During the winter months it will be found most efficacious for removing all signs of roughness, redness, and chaps. Whilst for use in hard water it is unsurpassed. Buy a bottle from your chemist to-day.

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Special Offer—Send us 3d and we will forward you (in the United Kingdom) a box of samples of La-rola, Tooth Paste, Rose Bloom, Soap, etc.

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Lord Rossmore writes from The Stud House, The Home Park, Hampton Court, Middlesex:—“For colds and coughs, and everything of that sort, there is, to my mind, nothing in the world like Peps. They have done my old winter cough a great deal of good.”

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**FOR COUGHS, COLDS
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From the moment that the Pianola Piano is delivered to your home

a new and absorbing interest enters into your life and the longest winter evening seems to fly. For your wife the Pianola Piano provides a welcome break in the daily domestic round—for you it means complete forgetfulness of business cares—for the children it means the development of an early taste for the best in music and a constant incentive to musical study.

The Pianola Piano means happy winter evenings.

Obedient to your slightest command the Pianola Piano enables you to translate into sweet and living music the greatest musical works of all ages. It provides you with a guide to expression as sure as the hand of the composer himself. In variety and extent of your repertoire no living pianist can excel you. There is no reason why you should not have the Pianola Piano in your home at once—it may be purchased on the easiest of terms and your present piano will be accepted in part exchange.



Four Pianos are combined with the Pianola—the famous STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, or STROUD. All may be played at Æolian Hall at any time, and all are illustrated in the New Art Catalogue "N."



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The Subscription List will open on Monday, the 3rd November, 1913, and close on or before Tuesday, the 4th November, 1913, at 4 p.m.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

(Incorporated under Acts of the Parliament of Canada.)

OFFER OF

£1,500,000 Five per Cent. Land Mortgage Debentures due 1st June, 1923, in denominations of £100, £500, and £1000 payable to Bearer.
(Part of a total authorised issue limited to £3,500,000.)

The Land Mortgage Debentures will be a direct obligation both as regards principal and interest of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, and will be secured by a Trust Deed in favour of the British Empire Trust Company, Limited, of London, England, and the National Trust Company, Limited, of Toronto, Canada, as Trustees, whereby the Debentures will be constituted a specific charge upon the whole of the Debenture Stock and Capital Stock of the Canadian Northern Town Property Company, Limited, a Company which has been formed and is in course of acquiring assets which appear in the subjoined letter at over \$13,400,000 and upon the Land Grant of the Railway Company and the deferred payments on land already sold, stated in the same letter as together amounting to \$22,026,896, subject as regards such Land Grant and payments to outstanding Charges for a total of \$6,254,860.

Interest will be payable half-yearly on the 1st June and 1st December. The Debentures will carry a full half-year's interest payable on the 1st June, 1914.

The Trust Deed will provide that all moneys received by the Trustees in respect of principal and interest of the Deposited Securities, and the net proceeds of the realisation of the Land Grant Assets (subject to the rights of the holders of the aforesaid charges) shall be applied in payment of the interest upon and redemption of the Land Mortgage Debentures.

Redemption will be effected by purchase at or below par, plus accrued interest, or by drawings at par. The Company will reserve the right at any time to redeem the whole or any part of the Debentures at par on any interest date on one month's notice.

From instalments still to be received in respect of Town Properties and Land already sold it is estimated that there should be about £400,000 available for redemption of the Debentures within eighteen months from this date.

LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, Lombard St., E.C. (or Branches),

as Bankers for the Purchasers, are authorised to receive applications on their behalf for the above-mentioned £1,500,000 Five per Cent. Land Mortgage Debentures at the price of

95 PER CENT.

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS—

£ 5 per cent. on Application.	
£25 " " on Allotment.	
£30 " " on the 5th December, 1913.	
£35 " " on the 5th January, 1914.	
£95	

Payment in full may be made at the date fixed for payment of the Allotment money or on any Monday before the 5th January, 1914, under discount at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

For particulars of the security and of the progress of the Railway Company reference is made to the following information furnished by the President, Sir William Mackenzie:—

To LLOYDS BANK LIMITED, Lombard Street, E.C. London, 30th October, 1913.

GENTLEMEN,—The Canadian Northern Town Property Company Limited (a Canadian Company) has recently been formed for the purpose of acquiring land and developing towns at points on the Canadian Northern System, and, except for portions that have already been sold, it is acquiring the whole of the sites of about 300 towns and villages, aggregating approximately 68,700 acres. It is also acquiring valuable property in 172 other towns and villages. The 4½ per Cent. Debenture Stock of the Town Property Company will be secured as a First charge on all the above-mentioned property and on the unpaid instalments in respect of land already sold. Pending the transfer to the Town Property Company of the Assets it is to acquire, a charge will be given upon such assets by the Trust Deed securing the Land Mortgage Debentures. Messrs. Davidson and McRae, the Land Agents of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, value, on a conservative basis, the unsold land of this Company at \$10,500,000

There is money payable in respect of land sold on which the instalments are 885,834 payable within eighteen months 2,065,000 and within three years

making a total of \$13,450,834

The Land Grant Assets of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, which will be charged as security for the Debentures, consist of—

About 850,000 acres of land unsold, the value of which is certified by Messrs. Davidson and McRae at \$12,750,000

Instalments of principal payable on land sold on which at least the first payment has been made 6,852,445

and there is in the hands of the Trustees for the repayment of the prior mortgages and charges 2,424,451

Less outstanding charges \$22,026,896

making a net value of 6,254,860

.. .. . \$15,772,036

The security therefore for the Land Mortgage Debentures will be—

The whole Debenture and Capital Stock of the Canadian Northern Town

Property Company, Limited, whose Assets appear above at \$13,450,834

Surplus, as above, of Land Grant Assets over prior charges 15,772,036

making a total of \$29,222,870

Showing a surplus over the total issue of Land Mortgage Debentures of £2,500,000

The Canadian Northern Railway Company is at present operating 4520 miles of lines, which include 644 miles of leased lines. In addition, about 408 miles of track have been laid on new branch lines and will shortly be opened for traffic, and about 300 miles more are under construction.

The net earnings of the Company have been steadily progressive, as the following figures show—

Year ending 30th June, 1908	\$3,032,687
" " " 1909	3,566,362
" " " 1910	4,344,390
" " " 1911	4,990,347
" " " 1912	5,881,045
" " " 1913	7,023,867

At June 30th, 1913, the Company had accumulated surpluses to the credit of Profit and Loss Account—

On account of Land Sales	\$16,930,835
On account of Railway Operation	6,778,384
	\$23,709,219

Yours faithfully,
W. MACKENZIE, President.

Interim Scrip Certificates will be issued in exchange for Allotment Letters on which the allotment money has been paid, and the fully-paid Scrip Certificates will be exchangeable on and after the 31st March, 1914, for Definitive Debentures with interest coupons attached.

A brokerage of ½ per cent. will be paid on all allotments made on applications (other than Underwriters' applications) bearing a broker's stamp.

Applications for purchase of the Debentures must be made on the enclosed form and lodged with Lloyds Bank Limited, Lombard Street, E.C., or Branches, accompanied by the necessary deposit. Where no allotment is made the deposit will be returned in full. In the case of a partial allotment, the surplus deposit will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment, and any balance will be returned.

Interest at 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on all instalments in arrear, and failure to pay any instalment when due will render all previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

A draft (subject to revision) of the Trust Deed securing the Debentures now offered can be inspected at the office of Messrs. Linklater and Co., 2, Bond Court, Walbrook, London, E.C., and of Messrs. Paines, Blyth, and Huxtable, 14, St. Helen's Place, London, E.C., at any time during business hours whilst the list is open.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained of Lloyds Bank Limited, Lombard Street, E.C., and Branches, of Messrs. Cohen, Laming, Goschen, and Co., 14, Austin Friars, E.C., and at the Offices of the Company, Bond Court House, Walbrook, E.C.

Dated 31st October, 1913.



HEAD OFFICE.

FARROW'S BANK Limited.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL - £1,000,000. SHARES ISSUED - 500,000.

Chairman and Managing Director, Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

Call or write for Illustrated Booklet.

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Branches throughout the Kingdom.

A. H. & CO.

WALTHAM WATCHES

(Nearly 20,000,000 in use.)

Throughout the world in every clime,
The WALTHAM WATCH keeps perfect time.
(Copyright, July 1913.)

IF your watchmaker does not keep WALTHAM WATCHES write us and we will give you the names of dealers who stock them. Some watch dealers will not offer WALTHAMS—probably on account of the profit being smaller on a branded article than on one not so well known.

Insist on a WALTHAM and see that the grade name, as well as the

word "WALTHAM," is engraved on the plate of the movement.

We especially recommend the following high-grade Watches for Gentlemen: "Riverside Maximus," "Vanguard," "Crescent Street," or "Riverside"; and for Ladies, "Diamond," "Riverside Maximus," "Riverside," or "Lady Waltham." The smaller sizes are adaptable for Wristlet or Bracelet Watches.

This Company, established for over half a century, guarantees every movement bearing its name.

WALTHAM WATCH CO.

(WHOLESALE ONLY TO THE TRADE.)

125, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

For our convenience please mention this journal.

An interesting Booklet describing our Watches sent to the Public, Post free, upon application.

"Pearls of Egypt" may now be obtained from the principal stores and high-class tobacconists.



The choicest tobaccos, hand-made. A Cigarette which delights connoisseurs and is always re-ordered.

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Original & Best for Household
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Greatest Covering Power-most Durable-
Hard Glossy Surface and Washable

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FOR DECORATORS & BUILDERS
Best for Inside and Outside Decoration
PERFECT FINISH

In $\frac{1}{2}$ and 1 Gallon lots and upwards
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ASPINALL'S ENAMEL LTD
NEW CROSS, S.E.

FURNITURE

TO BE SOLD PRIVATELY.

A Magnificent variety of Genuine

ANTIQUE and High-class FURNITURE,

Re the late **SIR EDWARD J. HARLAND, Bart.,**
" " **SIR JOHN WHITAKER ELLIS, Bart.,**
" " **LADY PERRY,**
and numerous other notable personages, forming the entire Contents
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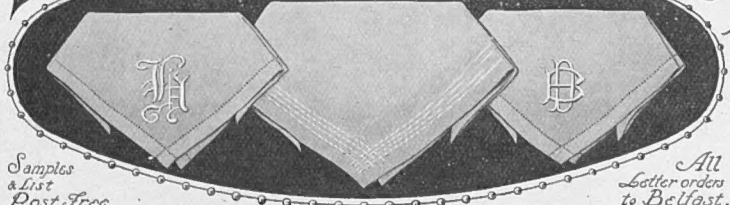
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square with $\frac{3}{4}$ -in.
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LONDON

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BELFAST

LIVERPOOL

Continued from page 157.

His friend slowly closed one eye. "Didn't I hear you two discussing puffs and the Press a few minutes ago? If we get a rise in Rhodesians, it might be on puffs, not merits, so be careful."

We paid our score (a very modest one), and got up to go forth again into the slush.

"My word," said the Broker, "it's a jolly good job you didn't meet Lloyd George."

I looked puzzled until he pointed at my boots. "You've got quite enough land on them to be worth taxing," he said.

I left him at that, and took a taxi home.

Saturday, Nov. 1, 1913.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. M. B.—Thanks for your kind letter. The only thing that would happen over your Bonds would be that you would lose six months' interest; the first time you presented a coupon after the Bond was drawn, you would be told of the fact. There is a paper called "The Bondholder's Register," published twice a month at 6d., which gives the complete lists. The publisher's address is 73, Farringdon Street.

MAJOR.—If you buy Nos. 2, 5, 6, 8 and 9 on your list you will have five very admirable securities, and you will be able to feel quite safe.

INDICATOR (Rand).—We should sell Nos. 7, 9, and 10; No. 11 is a fair speculation. Nos. 12, 13, and 14 are poor holdings and should be realised in a good market, unless they show a very heavy loss. No. 15 is a very long shot. The others are all sound.

DOUBLE X.—We have made all possible inquiries, but cannot trace the Company. Are you sure you have got the name right?

M. M.—We do not advise either security.

The Canadian Northern Railway Company has sold £1,500,000 of Five per Cent. Land Mortgage Debentures, due for redemption in 1923, and these are now being offered by Lloyd's Bank on behalf of the purchasers at the price of 95 per cent. The Land Mortgage Debentures will be a direct obligation, both as regards principal and interest, of the Canadian Northern Railway Company, and will be secured by a trust-deed, whereby the Debentures will be constituted a specific charge upon the whole of the Debenture stock and capital stock of the Canadian Northern Town Property Company, Ltd.

METERS, LIMITED.—The Directors of this Company announce the following interim dividends: on the Preference shares at the rate of 5½ per cent. per annum for the last half-year, and on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum for the same period.

ECONOMIN MOTOR SPIRIT: A NEW COMPANY.—The Economin Motor Spirit Company, Ltd., has been formed for the sale of the new motor-fuel known as Economin, made by a chemical process of which they have acquired the sole rights. The capital is £350,000, divided into 250,000 7 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each, and 100,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each. It was arranged that the list of subscriptions should open on Nov. 3, and close on or before Nov. 5. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. H. H. Simmons, 6, Old Jewry, E.C. Reports on Economin have been made by Professor Vivian B. Lewes, Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and Colonel C. E. Cassal, F.I.C., F.C.S., Public Analyst for the City of Westminster. On the strength of these it is claimed that (1) The process could easily be worked on a manufacturing scale; (2) Sufficient ingredients will be available, and the spirit compares favourably with the best petrol in power and consumption; (3) Properly worked, on a sufficiently large scale, the process should yield a handsome profit on a selling price well below the present price of petrol, which is from 1s. 7d. to 1s. 9d. per gallon; and (4) The process produces from the ingredients employed about 80 per cent. of motor-spirit and 20 per cent. residues, which also have a commercial value. It is estimated that Economin can be produced at 6d. a gallon, or less, and that the Company will produce 20,000,000 gallons per annum when the necessary plant is installed. Assuming that only 8,000,000 gallons were produced, and sold at a profit of 3d. per gallon, the Company expects a profit of £100,000 per annum, or over 40 per cent. on the capital.

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15 h.p. model, 80 × 130 (15'9 h.p. R.A.C. Rating), 4 cylinders, 4 speeds, with direct drive on third and fourth speeds, with detachable rims and 815 × 105 tyres, chassis price £380.

20/30 h.p. model, 100 × 130 (24 h.p. R.A.C. rating), made in two lengths of wheel base. Complete with dynamo lighting installation, all lamps, electric horn, and speedometer, wire wheels and detachable rims included in chassis price of £495.

35 h.p. model, 110 × 130 (30 h.p. R.A.C. rating). The chassis de luxe. Rushmore engine starter (operated from driving seat and no front starting handle fitted) and dynamo lighting outfit built into the chassis design. Electric horn, 5 feet half-elliptic rear springs, new patented foot-brake mechanism, tapered bonnet and aluminium dashboard. The variable-rake steering column carries no wires within or without. A full equipment of lamps, speedometer, wire wheels with detachable rims fitted with 835 × 135 tyres. The most advanced and refined expression of automobile engineering extant. Very powerful, smooth, and silent. Inclusive chassis price, £575.

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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Joy of Youth."

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS
(Chapman and Hall.)

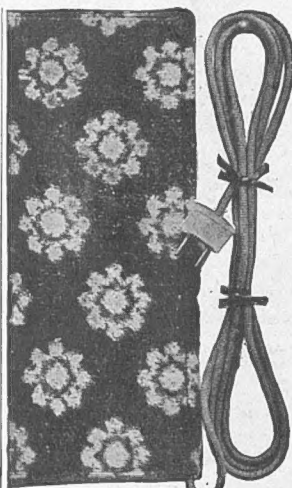
The wistful note of *si la jeunesse savait* is conspicuous by its absence from Mr. Phillpotts' study. There was nothing on earth that the youth of Bertram Dangerfield did not know; and as for heaven, well, Bertram knew very well there was no such place. Surely, never hero yet talked so much and so arrogantly, and the reader will be fain sometimes to sympathise with the Squire of Vanestowe, who judged him a Bounder. But then, as Bertram triumphantly asserted, the genius may be a Super-bounder, and he cited Whistler. He added, with the suggestive criticism that flavours his most wordy moods, that few great artists are great men. But sympathy which may be held in suspension for so self-sufficient a youth will fall to the share of the other young thing—Loveday. She is as sweet as any of the wonderful flowers in the Vanestowe garden; she neither toils nor spins; she never says anything remarkable, and beyond a swift perception common to her sex and acceptable to man, her only claim to the title of artist is that made by two poems, given verbatim—one, a commentary on her lover's picture; the other a word-painting of the Italian night through which she kept watch with her lover's letter of declaration in her hands. This is playing the game as George Moore would have women play it, just "trailing it gracefully across their fans," as he says somewhere. Loveday was beautiful enough just to be, without doing. From the east-room of the British Museum away to Florence Mr. Phillpotts whisks these two young things for their litany of art, Loveday there merely to insert a provocative response now and then to Bertram's priestly utterance. And, by the way, there was nothing Bertram despised more than the priest. His assertive personality makes "The Joy of Youth" a protest against Christianity, a passionate vindication of Greek rationalism and thought, with Plato banished, as a previous Christian. When Loveday returns to Devonshire—for Mr. Phillpotts brings her back just to settle up things—and finds her world there funkling the obvious settlement, she writes to Bertram: "You have shown me what it is to be hard and pagan and sane. But all the nice people in England are soft and Christian and mad." The most interesting thing about an artist to the student of humanity is not any one of his works, but the progress of his self-expression. Is this dive into art talk, this flirtation with philosophers (Bergson alone consumes several pages) an indication of new considerations

forced upon Mr. Phillpotts' art, or merely a caprice? After the solemn and humorous things that he found for us on his beloved moor, and wove into a wreath rich with the scent of its racy air, "The Joy of Youth" looks like an exotic flower. It would be absurd to deprecate the choice of Velazquez when he elected to paint eggs as well as Infantas; the fine vision can make both worth while. Mr. Phillpotts is the only living novelist who dares write three pages of scenic description. He knows he will be read, and it may seem that he has done well to exchange the twinkling of a moor-town for the steadfast splendours of Florence, her domes for the dissenting chapels of the other. But the natural Englishman cannot forbear a pang of jealousy. Mr. Phillpotts is Devon's, not Firenze's, nor another's. Will he requite us with a view of Bertram Dangerfield in the grandeurs of middle-age—those roaring 'forties, standing on his own feet on his native heath, making pictures as men make poetry, not by the grace of Greece or Renaissance Italy, but out of that fullness of the heart whereby the mouth speaks?

"Once of the Angels."

BY EVELYN BEACON.
(Methuen.)

The author has been "forced by a Power far greater than her own" to write this book, Miss Beacon declares in an impassioned preface. Next time she writes, one can only hope that she may be less "driven," for the collaboration is not successful either from the view of the tract or the work of art. Miss Robins has already produced one impressive and quite thrilling story of this subject—which is the "White Slave Traffic." "Once of the Angels" will not convince one sceptic, or arouse one indifferent, or confirm one intelligent waverer. The argument of events is too flimsy to consider seriously. If it needs this desperate and fortuitous circumstance to create a "white slave," then we mothers and fathers may sleep in our beds without troubling over the safety of our daughters. An incredible mother; a father whose duties as newspaper editor kept him in Germany making European peace while his wife lay dead and his daughter wandered homeless; a villain who could look "half-angel, half-devil, so magnificent was he in his beauty, so black was his soul . . . with satellites all over the world"; and a series of inconceivable incidents—such a situation is not one by which to impress a common national danger. The friends of the Anti-White Slave Traffic should ban "Once of the Angels" immediately. It can do no good; futile as it is, it can do harm, as can all wild, incoherent championship of any cause; while as a serious contribution to literature it can scarcely be said to exist.



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